

THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



JANUARY, 1942

25 CENTS

Writers of the Desert . . .

Although LESTER ROUNTREE is a new recruit this month among Desert Magazine contributors, she is so widely known for her writing, her seed business, and her landscape designing as to need little introduction to readers in the Southwest.

Author of the books *Hardy Californians* and *Flowering Shrubs of California*,

she has contributed widely to magazines, ships seeds all over the world, does landscaping, lectures occasionally, and carries on an enthusiastic research in the field of botany between times.

Miss Rountree's story of the "Tricks and Manners of the Desert Plants" in this issue is written from her own observation during those excursions when she loads

her sleeping bag and camp outfit into her car and goes out alone to explore the desert.

Her interest in plants dates back almost to the time she began to walk, in her native England. She has gardened and collected in many countries. Her home is at Carmel, California, where her chief occupation just now is experimenting with both foreign and native species of wild or little known plants which she wants to make available for American gardens.

NINA PAUL SHUMWAY of Coachella, California, has taken a pledge that she will spend four hours a day writing during the coming year. Mrs. Shumway usually finds a ready market for her magazine features—but most of the time she is too busy cooking for the ranch hands, raising pigs, grubbing brush at the mountain homestead, or promoting sales for the delicious dates that grow in Shumway date gardens to be bothered with a typewriter.

It was AUDREY WALLS MOSLEY's liking for chocolate nut sundaes that led to the writing of this month's feature story about Hal Empie, "drug-store cartoonist" of Duncan, Arizona. Mrs. Mosley found the young man jerking sodas when she stopped at his drug store for her favorite refreshment.

Mrs. Mosley's home is Tulsa, Oklahoma, where her husband is assistant to R. W. Slemaker, oil producer. She attended the university at Norman, Oklahoma, and since then has divided her time between newspaper work and housekeeping, her cub reporter days having been served on the society and feature desk of the *Leader at Guthrie, Oklahoma*.

Like most journalists, Mrs. Mosley aspired to write a book—and she has done better than a majority of them because her book already is written—"Vanilla Is an Orchid." It isn't off the press yet, but she has assured *Desert Magazine* staff: "You'll hear about it in due time."

LON GARRISON, only writer who has ever succeeded in crashing *Desert Magazine's* strict rule against fiction stories, recently was promoted to the position of Assistant Chief of Information in the U. S. Park service office at Washington. For the information of the 2000 new subscribers added to *Desert's* list this month, Lon is the creator of that lovable old liar, *Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley*. *Hard Rock* has been spinning his yarns for DM readers since the first issue of the magazine in November, 1937.

Garrison was stationed in Death Valley in the early days of his service as a park ranger. More recently he has been custodian of Hopewell Village national historic site at Birdsboro, Pennsylvania.

Lon has given assurance that his promotion to one of those mahogany desks in Washington will not interfere with the continued adventures of *Hard Rock*.



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DESERT Calendar

JAN. 1 Climax of 4-day Southwestern Sun Carnival, El Paso, Texas. Dr. C. M. Hendricks, director.

1 Indian dances in many of the New Mexican pueblos.

1-31 Southwest Cactus Growers hold third annual photographic exhibit at Southwest Museum, Highland Park, Los Angeles. W. C. Runyan, show chairman.

3-4 Sierra club members will take the Skyline trail back of Palm Springs on their moonlight hike; camp at mouth of Tahquitz canyon. W. E. "Andy" Andrews, leader. Miss Betty Bole, 1329 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, reservations.

6 Installation of newly elected Governors in Indian pueblos of New Mexico, usually followed by traditional dances.

6 "Old Christmas," Feast of the Three Kings. Performances of *Los Tres Magos* in Spanish-American villages of New Mexico.

6 Buffalo dance at Taos pueblo; Eagle dance at San Ildefonso pueblo.

7-9 American National Livestock association convention, at Hotel Utah, Salt Lake City. Lawrence F. Mollin, Denver, Colorado, assistant secretary.

18 Ice Fiesta, sponsored by 20-30 club, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

23 Norman D. Nevills of Mexican Hat, Utah, to show colored motion pictures of his Colorado river expeditions at Boos Bros. cafeteria meeting of Sierra club, Los Angeles.

23 Feast Day of San Ildefonso in San Ildefonso Pueblo, New Mexico. Annual fiesta and Buffalo dance.

29-FEB. 1 Eighth annual tennis championship, Desert Inn, El Mirador, Palm Springs Tennis club and Racquet club, Palm Springs, California.

31-FEB. 1 Gila River Round-up at Safford, Arizona.

Ski competition on weekends throughout the winter on Mount Rose, out of Reno, Nevada.

Winter Ski Carnival, Upper Hyde Park area, 12 miles from Santa Fe, New Mexico, during third week in January.



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The Desert Magazine is published monthly by the Desert Publishing Company, 636 State Street, El Centro, California. Entered as second class matter October 11, 1937, at the post office at El Centro, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Title registered No. 358865 in U. S. Patent Office, and contents copyrighted 1941 by the Desert Publishing Company. Permission to reproduce contents must be secured from the editor in writing.

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Dick Older and A. J. Kupiec, Advertising. Rand Henderson, Circulation
Manuscripts and photographs submitted must be accompanied by full return postage. The Desert Magazine assumes no responsibility for damage or loss of manuscripts or photographs although due care will be exercised for their safety. Subscribers should send notice of change of address to the circulation department by the fifth of the month preceding issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year, including gold-embossed loose leaf binder \$3.00
Two years, including binders for both years 5.00
You may deduct 50c each for binders if not desired.
Canadian subscriptions 25c extra, foreign 50c extra.
Address correspondence to Desert Magazine, 636 State St., El Centro, California.



Native American

By D. E. KELLY
Los Angeles, California

This photograph of a young Navajo woman is winner of the first prize in Desert Magazine's November photographic contest. It was taken with a Voightlander 2¼x3¼, Superpan Supreme film, f.8 at 1/50 sec., yellow filter.

Special Merit

The following photos were judged to have unusual merit:

"Desolation—Death Valley," by Jack Bagnall, Jr., Huntington Park, California.

"Wagon Wheel, Parker, Arizona," by Doris Priestley, Pomona, California.

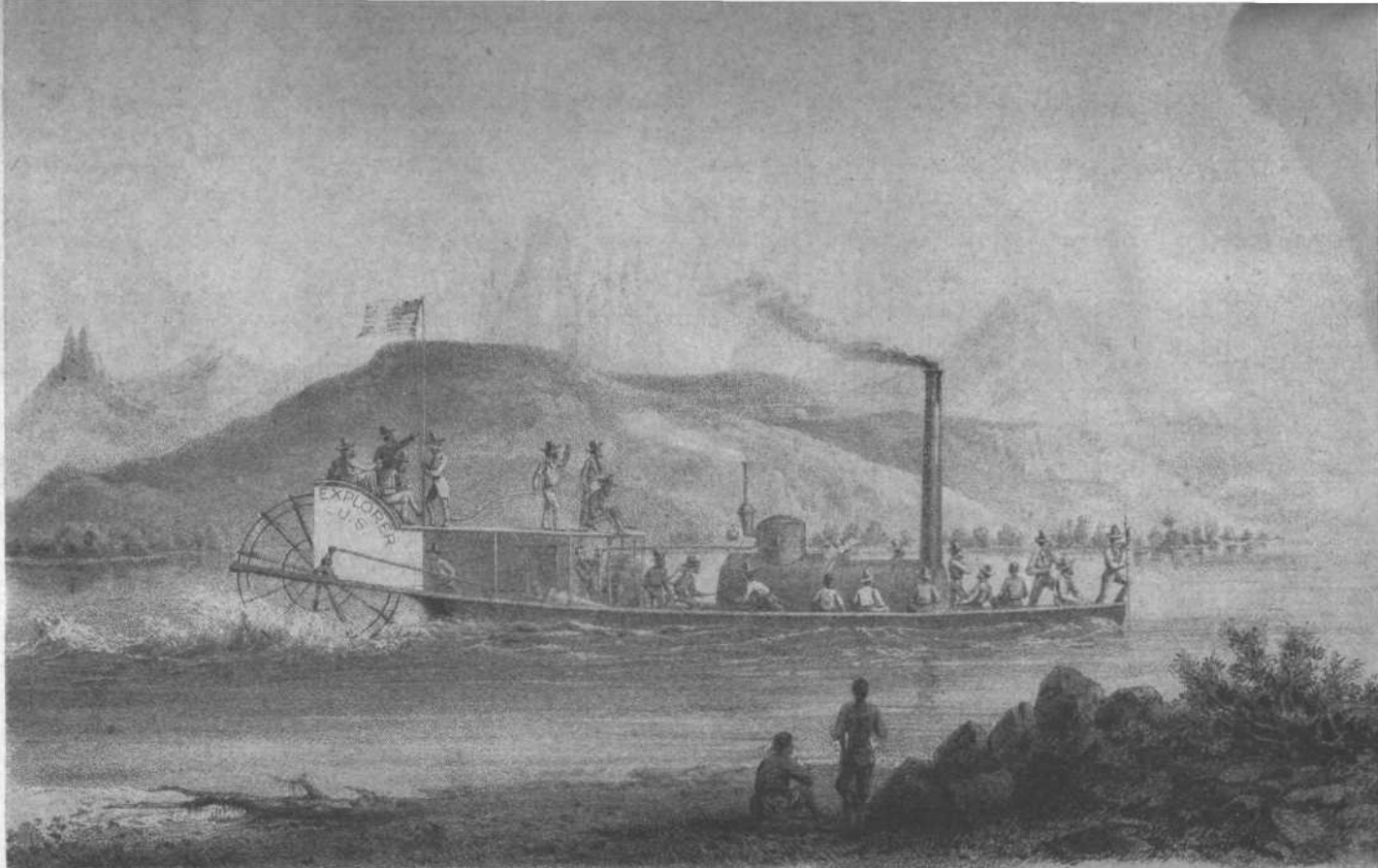
"Horned Toad," Charles T. Morgan, Los Angeles, California.

Badlands-- Petrified Forest

By MARGARET BUNDREN
Dallas, Texas

Second prize winner in the monthly contest was taken with a Rolleicord-Zeiss Triotar, f4.5. Alfa Supreme film, 1/50 sec., at f16, K2 filter.





YOUNG from a sketch by H. B. MOLLHAUSEN.

Lith. of Currier, Mayer & Koenig, 449 Broadway, N. Y.

Explorer on the Colorado in 1858. In the background is Chimney peak—so named by Lieut. Ives—but now generally called Picacho. This old lithograph, reproduced from Ives' report, was made from a sketch drawn by H. B. Mollhausen, artist and naturalist who accompanied reconnaissance.

Old Iron Boat on the Colorado

Eighty-four years ago this month Lieut. Joseph C. Ives was steaming up the Colorado river in an iron boat for the purpose of determining whether or not the stream was navigable. With much pushing and towing the clumsy craft finally reached Black canyon and then almost met with disaster near the spot where Boulder dam is located. Following the exploratory trip, the boat was sold to Yuma rivermen and then disappeared from the pages of history. Within recent years the craft has been rediscovered, almost buried in the silt of the Colorado river delta—and its skeleton is still to be seen there. Here is the story of one of the most thrilling episodes in the history of the Southwest.

By RANDALL HENDERSON

"WE WERE shooting past the entrance to Black canyon," wrote Lieutenant Joseph C. Ives in his mariner's log book on March 8, 1858, "when the Explorer with a stunning crash, brought up abruptly and instantaneously against a sunken rock.

"For a second the impression was that

the canyon had fallen in. The concussion was so violent that the men near the bow were thrown overboard; the doctor, Mr. Mollhausen and myself, having been seated in front of the upper deck, were precipitated head foremost into the bottom of the boat; the fireman who was pitching a log into the fire, went half way in with it; the boiler was thrown out of place; the steam pipe doubled up; the wheel-house torn away, and it was expected the boat would fill and sink instantly by all. Finding, after a few moments had passed that she still floated, Captain Robinson had a line taken into the skiff, and the steamer was towed alongside a gravelly spit a little below . . ."

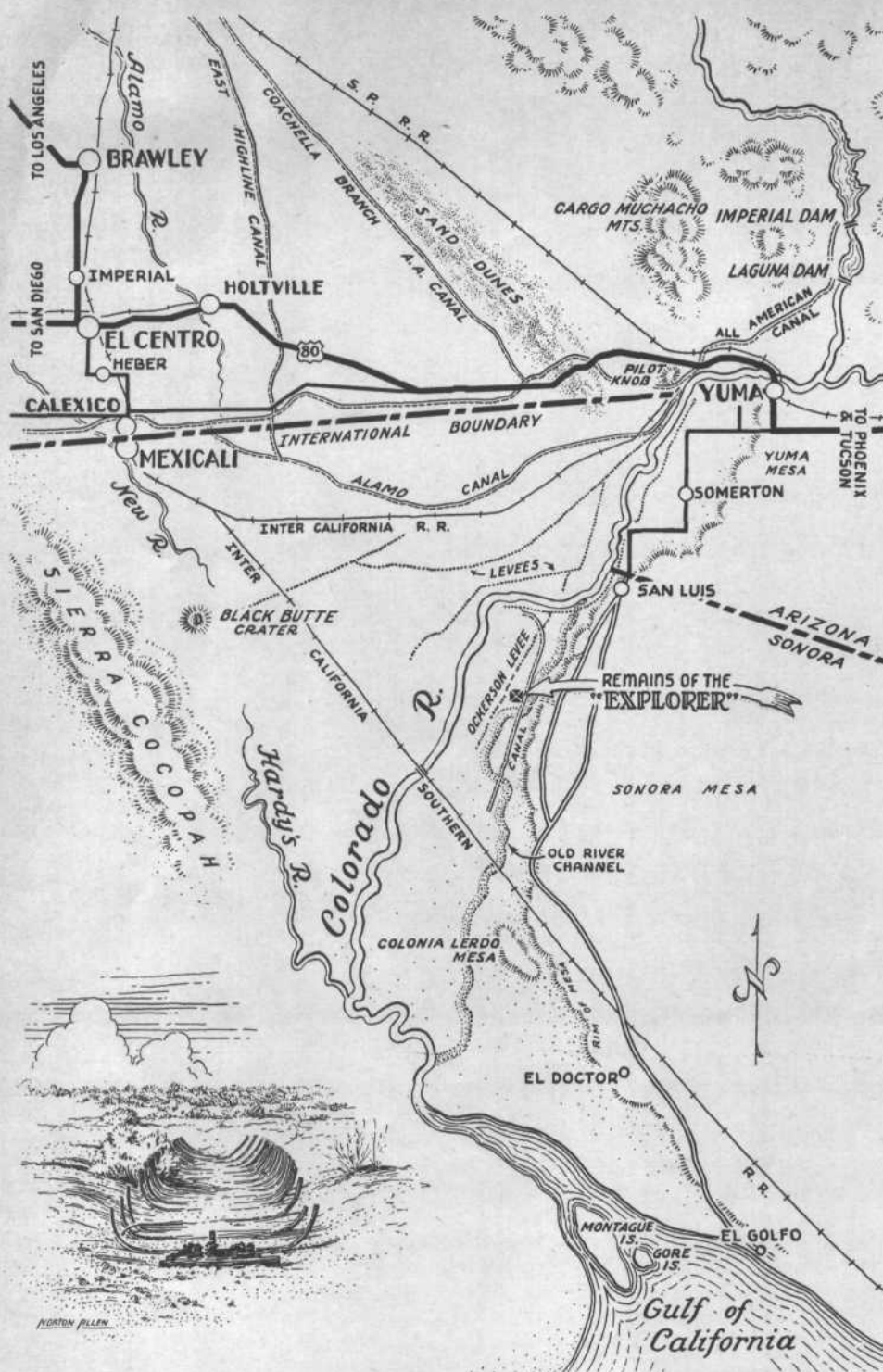
Thus ended, after three and one-half months of arduous labor, the initial cruise of the Explorer, the iron steamboat commissioned by the U. S. war department in 1857 to determine whether or not the Colorado river was a navigable stream.

The Explorer was built in Philadelphia. It was a 56-foot stern-wheel steamer. After a brief trial run on the Delaware river, it was knocked down in eight sections, shipped by boat to the Isthmus of Panama, thence overland to the Pacific, again by boat to San Francisco, and finally to the mud flats at the head of the Gulf of California to be assembled for the trip up the river—as far as it would go.

It was built of iron, with a huge boiler mounted in the center of the deck. The boiler was too heavy. To correct this weakness and give the craft longitudinal stability four long wooden beams were bolted to the bottom. Needless to say, this clumsy makeshift caused no end of trouble in navigating the countless bars in the channel of the lower Colorado.

Accompanying Lieut. Ives on the expedition were A. J. Carroll of Philadelphia as engineer; Dr. J. S. Newberry, physician and geologist; F. W. Egloffstein, who had been a member of the Fremont expedition in 1853, topographer; P. H. Taylor and C. K. Booker, astronomical and meteorological assistants; H. B. Mollhausen, artist and collector in natural history. Lieutenant Tipton, 3rd artillery, and 25 soldiers from the garrison at Yuma served as military escort. Due to the limited capacity of the boat, the soldiers traveled overland with packtrain. It was an escort in name only, since the troop left Yuma several days after the Explorer steamed away—and did not catch up with the river expedition until Ives reached Mojave valley on his return trip.

Lieut. Ives completed the reconnaissance without serious mishap, and on the basis of his report to Secretary of War John B. Floyd in 1860, the Colorado was declared to be a navigable river.



A few months after the return of the expedition the Explorer was sold by the government to Yuma rivermen who planned to use it for freighting on the Colorado. According to old Arizona records quoted by Godfrey Sykes in his book *The Colorado Delta*, after a few trips hauling wood, the steamer broke away from its moorings near Pilot Knob, floated downstream and disappeared from sight.

Thus ended the first chapter in the saga of the good ship Explorer.

Seventy years passed. The men who had piloted the Explorer and stoked mesquite

wood in its huge boiler remained as living names only to those students of history who had read the fine record left by Lieut. Ives.

Then in 1929 word came out of the mesquite and willow jungle that covers the delta of the Colorado that an aged Indian named Calabasa had seen the rusted hulk of an old *barca* partly buried in the silt of a channel long abandoned by the fickle waters of the Colorado.

The story of the white man's rediscovery of this boat was told to me by Gus Seligman, member of an engineering party engaged in surveying the Colorado delta.

Seligman covered nearly every foot of the vast silt plain by car, horseback or on foot. He said:

"On one of my trips with Tony Manser we ran into a friend of Tony's, an old Copah named Calabasa. When I was introduced, Tony made it very clear that Calabasa was head of a clan and had the title of *Capitán*. It was through this Indian that I learned of the boat and its location.

"Tony, my brother Dirk and I later found the remains of the boat, early in 1929. We took pictures of it and began to look up its history. About six months later C. N. Perry joined us in our work, identified the craft as Lieut. Ives' Explorer, and wrote an article about it for the American Society of Civil Engineers.

"At the time we found the boat there wasn't much left. It reminded me of a carcass after the coyotes and buzzards were through with it. Only the bones remained."

That was 12 years ago. Today the boat is still there—but even some of the "bones" have disappeared.

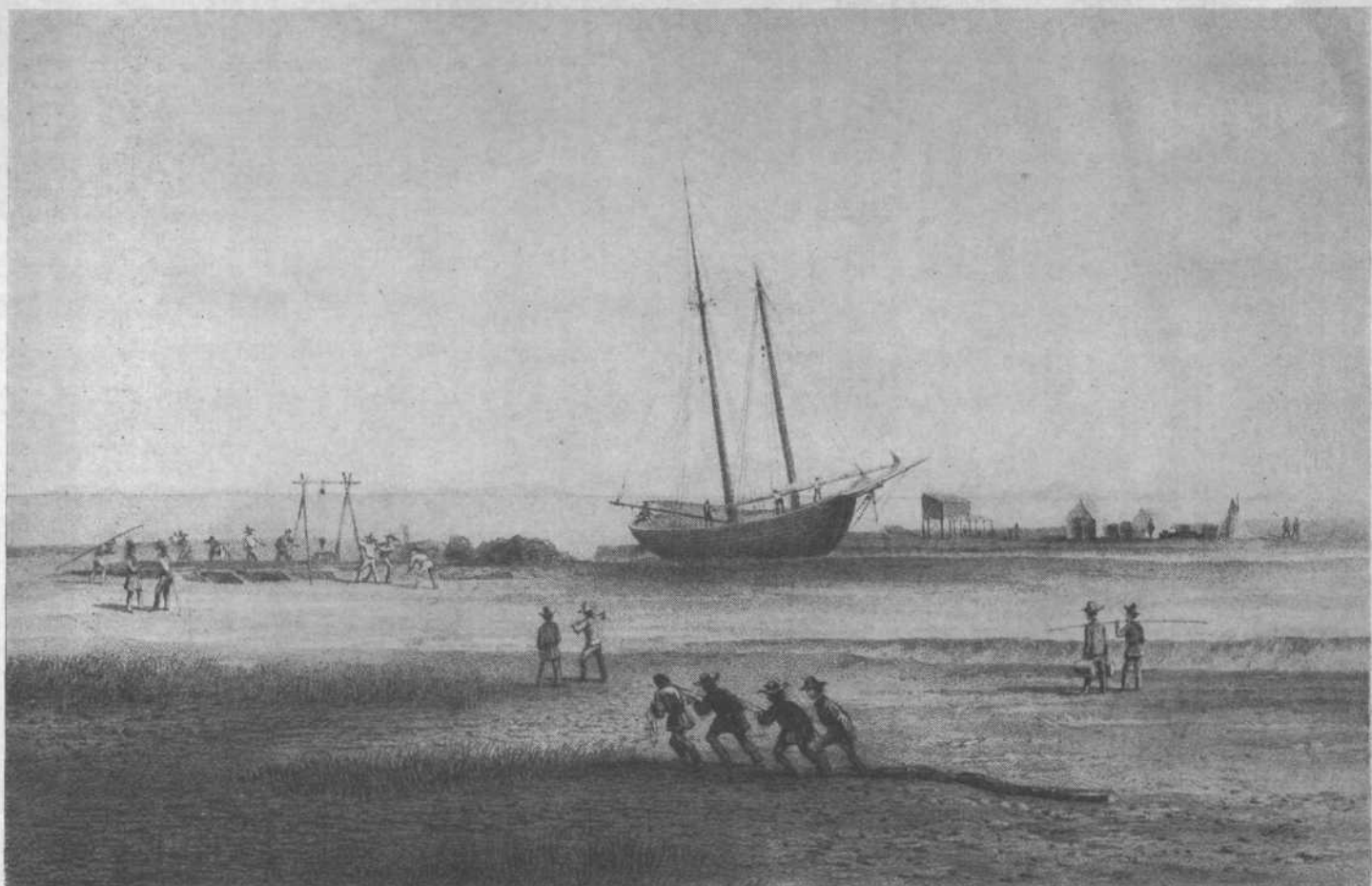
I visited the old iron skeleton in November with Herbert Rouse, who spent many years as engineer for the 800,000-acre ranch owned by Harry Chandler and associates in the Colorado delta.

Rouse and I followed the road south from Yuma to San Luis, port of entry on the Arizona-Sonora border. As the trip would require only a few hours no passports were necessary, and the only formality was the registering of my foreign-made camera equipment on the American side so it could be returned to the United States without red tape.

When we reached the Mexican side of the border we inquired for Frank Pacheco Dominguez, ranchero who raises two bales of cotton to the acre on the rich delta land in Mexico. Roads in the delta area are subject to overflow when the river is high or the canal system not functioning properly—and we wanted to get the best information regarding our route. It was Sunday, and Frank, with characteristic Mexican generosity, volunteered to serve as guide.

The accompanying map shows the location of the old boat—but I'll not try to describe the devious route by which we reached it. There are no improved roads on the Sonora side of the delta—just a network of winding trails that run in all directions. These trails were easy to follow while we remained on the Sonora mesa. But when we dropped over the bluff into the river bottom we used what my stenographer calls the hunt and peck system of finding our way. Mexican farmers have moved into the upper delta area and cleared little ranches in the mesquite—hundreds of them—and with water discharged from the Yuma valley drainage system are raising cotton and corn and beans.

The delta silt grows fine crops, but as



J.J. YOUNG from a photograph by LIMUT IVES

Lith. of Sarony, Major & Knapp, 649 Broadway, N.Y.

Robinson's landing at the mouth of the Colorado, where the Explorer was assembled in December, 1857. The schooner is the Monterey in which Capt. Walsh brought the iron parts of the Explorer from San Francisco to the Colorado. Both the schooner and the Ives boat waited on this bar until the high tides floated them off.

road material it is worse than a total loss. Sometimes we plowed through it hub deep. It is fine as flour, and when we stopped the car for an instant with the wind in our back we were enveloped in a cloud of dust so dense we could not see beyond the windshield.

The trails wind through the mesquite, or around the little ranches in all directions. Sometimes there are bridges across the irrigation canals and sometimes—well, you just backtrack and look for another road.

Finally we came to a 'dobe ranch house where the *ranchero* took us to a little rise and pointed far out across the tops of the mesquites to a cottonwood tree, a rather conspicuous landmark on the horizon. *La Barca* was near that tree, he said.

How would we get there? He didn't know. There was no bridge over the canal just ahead of us. But Frank Pacheco has lived on the delta for many years, and he showed an uncanny accuracy in taking a left turn at this junction and a right turn at the next—with that cottonwood always as our guidon.

Eventually we came to the Rancho del Chavez—and Braulio Chavez, being a

very accommodating Mexican, agreed to lead us through the arrowweed thickets to *la barca*—in an uncleared corner of the tract of land on which he had filed under the rather simple homestead procedure in Mexico.

I must confess a surge of disappointment when I first saw the wreck of the Explorer. I had harbored thoughts of salvaging this historic old steamboat for one of the museums, perhaps in Mexico or more properly in United States since Uncle Sam had voted \$25,000 for the boat originally, and had spent a much greater sum on the expedition.

There was nothing left but the iron ribs—some of them still in place, but held together by such a fragile foundation of rusty sheet iron and 'dobe earth as make the moving of the skeleton impracticable. The sheet iron sides were entirely gone. Some of the Mexicans, I was told, had decided the sheet iron would make excellent plates on which to cook tortillas, and for other domestic purposes. And so the old Explorer is still serving a useful purpose—and perhaps it is better that way than that it should have turned to rust and disappeared in the silt of the river bottom.

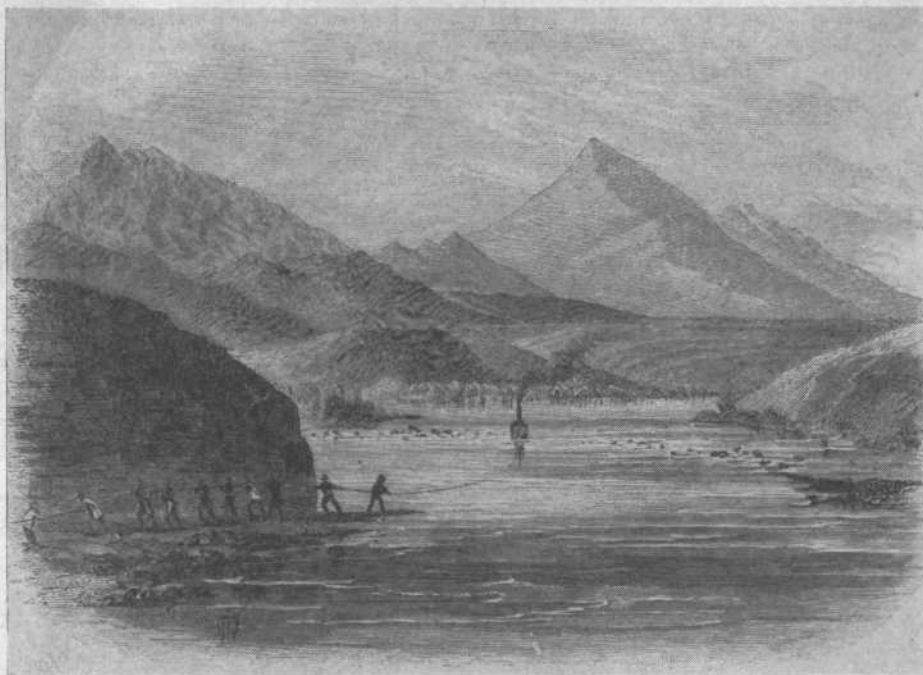
When first discovered, only a narrow rim of iron was visible above the surface of the ground. However, the first visitors excavated the earth from inside and around it, and the skeleton stands in a three-foot pit.

As I sat on the edge of the pit, I recalled some of the passages from Ives' report. It was a thrilling adventure, that journey up the Colorado in the winter of 1857-58, through a country inhabited by savages who still wore G-strings and regarded all white men with distrust if not enmity.

Ives' difficulties started on the mud flats at the mouth of the river.

The trip from San Francisco to the head of the gulf was made in the Monterey, a 120-ton schooner in charge of Captain Walsh. As there were no docking facilities at the mouth of the river, Captain Walsh ran his ship as far up into the mouth of the river as was possible during the high tides at the full of the moon, and unloaded the parts of the Explorer on the mud banks.

It was necessary then for the Explorer's crew to improvise ways from the driftwood found on the bars, and assemble



When the Explorer grounded on a bar, the crew got out the tow line and sometimes spent hours moving the steamer a few feet. Mollhausen sketch.

their boat before the returning high tides a month later would submerge the bar.

Work was started December 5, 1857, and on December 31, the Explorer was completed and the engineer had steam up ready to start when the tide would lift the craft off its ways. That night the tide arrived, and the Explorer was off on its great adventure.

Mesquite and willow were used for fuel, and when the supply ran low the skipper brought his boat in to the bank and all hands went overboard to cut more wood.

The steamer reached Yuma January 9, and remained there two days while final preparations were made for the voyage up the river. The shore was lined with Indians as the Explorer started on its way. Lieut. Ives described the departure in his report: "The men grinned, and the women and children shouted with laughter, which was responded to by a scream from the Explorer's whistle; and in the midst of the uproar the line was cast off, the engine put in motion, and, gliding away from the wharf, we soon passed through the gorge abreast the fort and emerged in the open valley above."

Describing the Yuma Indians of that time, Lieut. Ives wrote: "Many of them, if left in their natural state, would be fine looking; but for everything that resembles clothing they have a passion, and a tall warrior with a figure like an Apollo, will strut along in a dilapidated hat and a ragged jacket or pair of trousers made for a man two or three sizes smaller, and think he is amazingly beautiful by his toilet. A knot of them gathered together exhibits a ludicrous variety of tawdry colors and dirty finery."

The winter flow in the Colorado was abnormally low at the time of the Ives expedition, and the shallow water and frequent sandbars proved serious obstacles. When the steamer would go aground the crew baled out and pushed and towed until a deeper channel was reached.

The Yuma Indians who then lived along the river as far north as the present sites of Blythe and Ehrenberg, gave unwitting assistance to the navigators. The lieutenant reported:

"The Yumas have been constantly encountered since we have been in this valley (Palo Verde valley). They collect in knots upon the banks to watch us pass, and their appearance is invariably the precursor of trouble. Whether their villages are near places where the river is most easily forded, or whether they select for points of view the spots where they know we will meet with detention, we cannot tell; but the coincidence between their presence and a bad bar is so unfailing that Mr. Carroll considers it sufficient reason to slow down the engine when he sees them collecting upon the bank."

Continuing upstream the expedition encountered Indians of a different character. "The Yumas are no longer seen," wrote the lieutenant. "Our sharp-witted friends, the Chemehuevis, seem to have exclusive possession of the upper end of the valley (Parker valley). Not having the same experience in steamers as the former tribe, for they seldom go to Fort Yuma, they have doubtless watched with great curiosity for the long-expected boat. If we had anticipated inspiring them with admiration or awe, we should be sadly disappointed, for I am sure they regard our method of ascending the river with un-

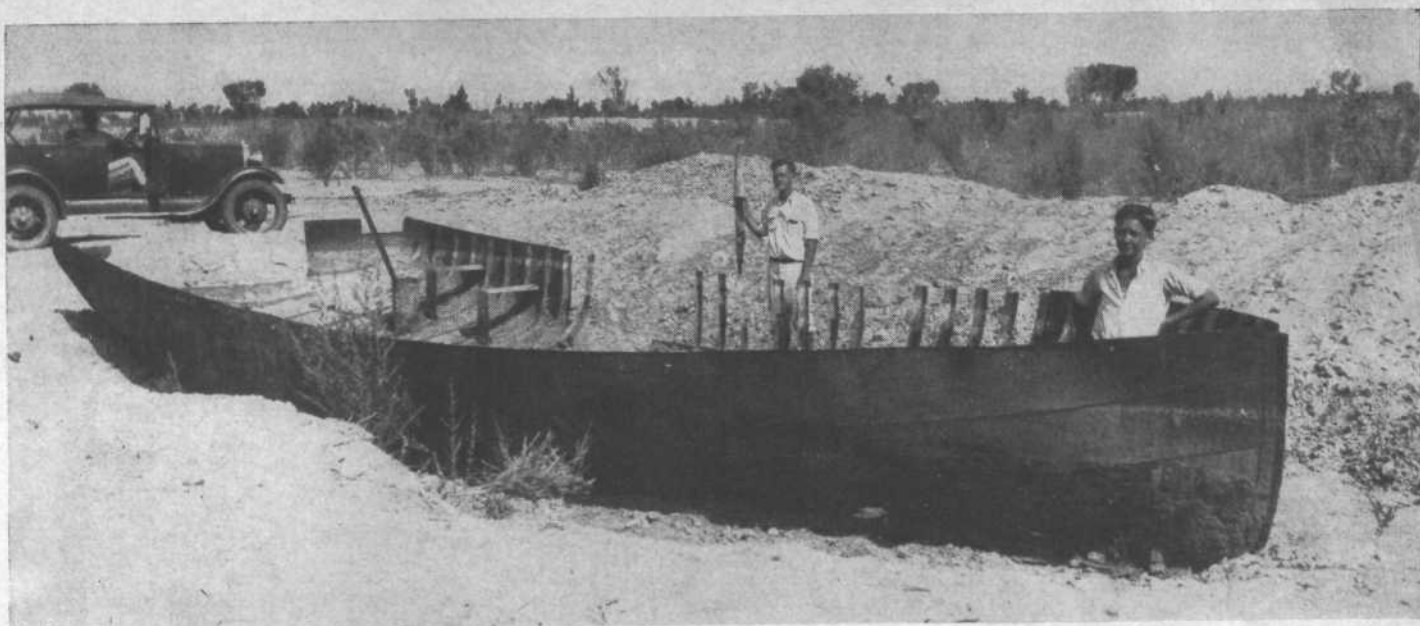
affected contempt. They have been demonstrating to Mariano and Capitan (Indian interpreters with the Ives party)—who are disposed to espouse our cause, and yet are a little ashamed of being in such ridiculous company—how vastly inferior our mode of locomotion is to theirs. They can foot it on shore, or pole along a raft upon the river without interruption; and that we should spend days in doing what they can accomplish in half as many hours strikes them as unaccountably stupid. The gleeful consciousness of superiority at all events keeps them in an excellent humor.

"When we reached the Sand island shoals, as usual, they were awaiting the approach of the steamer at points opposite to the bars. At first our troubles occasioned them with unqualified delight. They watched the boat with breathless eagerness as we tried in vain to get through one place after another, and every time we ran aground a peal of laughter would ring from the bank; but after a while our mishaps appeared to move their compassion, and some one of them would run ahead and point out to Captain Robinson the part of the bar that had the greatest depth upon it, which their frequent fording of the stream often enabled them to know. An old woman, among others, endeavored to help the captain along, but as we approached the place she indicated, his knowledge of the river showed him it would not do, and he sheered off without making the trial. The benevolence of the old hag was at once converted into rage, and with clenched fists and flaming eyes she followed along the bank, screaming at the captain, as long as he was in hearing, a volley of maledictions."

The Chemehuevis, like the Hopi today, had a reputation among desert tribesmen for being shrewd traders. But they learned something new from Lieut. Ives. Describing his experience in the Chemehuevis valley—now covered by the waters of Lake Havasu—he wrote:

"Our camp is at the headquarters of the Chemehuevis nation, and great numbers of all ages and both sexes visited it today. They have been perfectly friendly, and considering their knavish character and restless inquisitive dispositions, have behaved very well and given little trouble. The amount of cultivable land in their valley is so inconsiderable, and they themselves so inclined to vagrancy, that I could not expect to find them with much provision to spare, but last evening about two dozen brought baskets and earthen bowls of corn and beans.

"I saw that they had come prepared for a long haggling, and I made them place their burdens in a row on some boards that were laid out for the purpose; asking each in turn whether he preferred beads or manta, I placed what I thought a fair amount of the desired article opposite



This picture of the Explorer was taken by Herbert Rouse soon after its rediscovery 12 years ago.

the proper heap of provisions. The whole tribe had crowded around to look on, and their amusement during this performance was extreme. Every sharp face expanded into a grin as I weighed the different piles in succession in my hand, and gravely estimated their contents; and when the apportionment being over I directed two of my men to bag the corn and beans, and coolly walked away, the delight of the bystanders at the summary method of completing the bargain, reached its climax and they fairly screamed with laughter. A few of the traders seemed not to comprehend why they should have had so little to say in the matter, but having been really well recompensed, according to

their idea of things, the tariff of prices was established, and this morning, when fresh supplies were brought, they received the same rate of pay without question or demur."

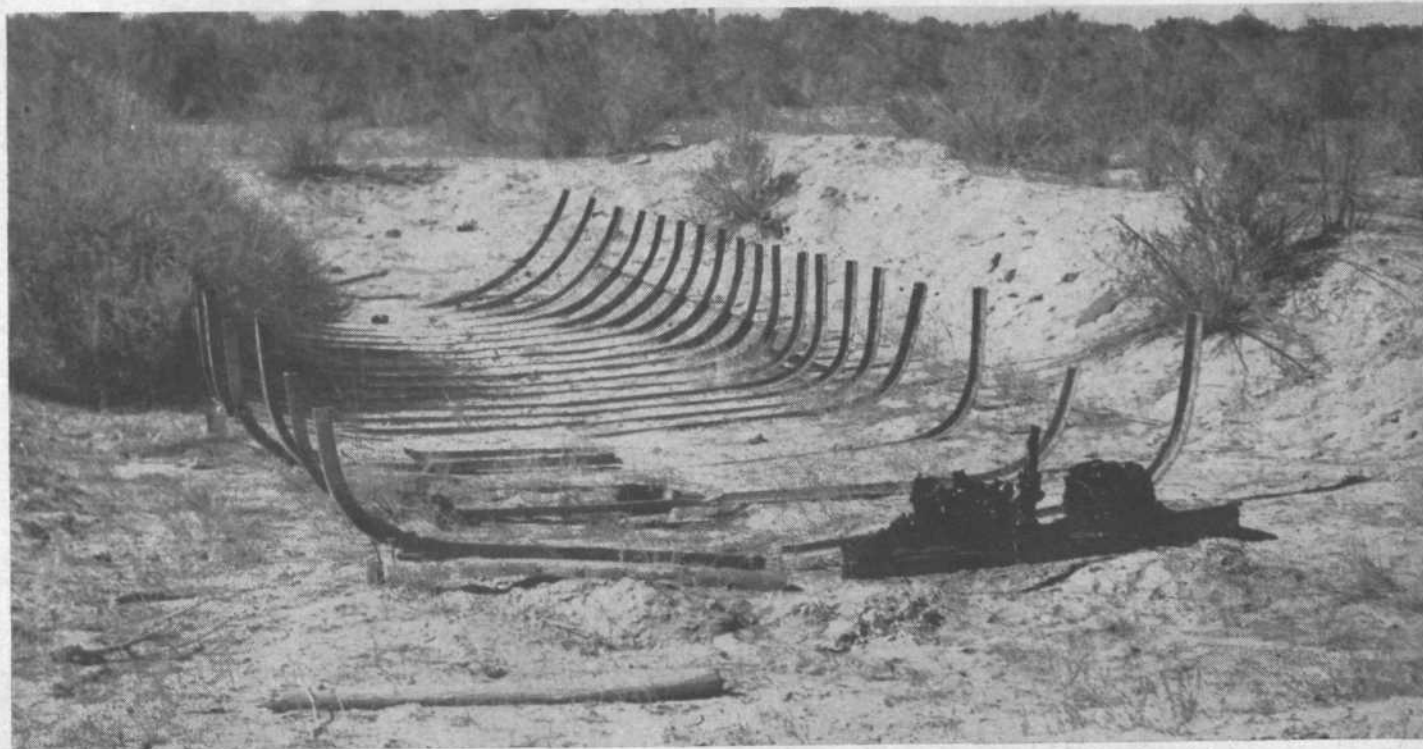
Entering the Mojave valley at the Needles, Lieut. Ives was impressed by the superiority of the Mojave tribesmen.

"All day the Indians have followed us," he wrote, "examining the boat and its occupants with eager curiosity. They, on their side, have been subjected to critical inspection, which they can stand better than any of the tribes that live below. The men as a general rule have noble figures, and the stature of some is gigantic.

"Having no clothing but a strip of cot-

ton, their fine proportions are displayed to the greatest advantage. Most of them have intelligent countenances and an agreeable expression.

"The women, over the age of 18 or 20, are almost invariably short and stout, with fat good-natured faces. Their only article of dress is a short petticoat, made of strips of bark sticking out about eight inches behind. Some of the younger girls are very pretty and have slender graceful figures. The children wear only the apparel in which they were born, and have a precocious impish look. Their delight today has been to mimic the man at the bow who takes soundings, every call being echoed



Skeleton of the Explorer as it appears today on Braulio Chavez' ranch in the Colorado river delta.



Chemehuevi Indians sketched by H. B. Mollhausen and later reproduced in lithograph.

from the bank with amusing fidelity of tone and accent."

Communication with the Indians was not easy. Of the two interpreters on the expedition, Mariano was a Diegueño, and Capitan a Yuma. Neither of them were versatile linguists. Describing a pow-wow with one of the Mojave chiefs, Ives wrote:

"Oral communication, under existing

circumstances, is a complicated process. I have to deliver my message to Mr. Bielawski, who puts it into indifferent Spanish for the benefit of Mariano, whose knowledge of the language is slight. When Mariano has caught the idea he imparts it in the Yuma tongue, with which he is not altogether conversant, to Capitan, who in turn puts it into the Mojave

vernacular. What changes my remarks have undergone during these different stages I shall never know; but I observe that they are sometimes received with an astonishment and bewilderment that the original sense does not altogether warrant."

It was on March 8, 68 days after the Explorer left the ways at the mouth of the Colorado, that the expedition entered the narrow gorge of Black canyon—and there the boat hit the sunken boulder that brought the upstream journey to an end.

Lieut. Ives spent two days in a skiff exploring the river above, going as far as the mouth of the Virgin river. He decided it was not practicable to take the Explorer beyond the point where it met with near-disaster—and so the river reconnaissance ended in Black canyon, not far below the site of Boulder dam.

To those of us who are inclined to be sentimental about the historical things of the Southwest, it is a matter of regret that the old iron stern-wheeler could not have been preserved as a memento of one of the most interesting episodes in the history of this region. But thanks to painstaking work of Lieut. Ives and his associates a fine record of that reconnaissance is still available for us—and after all, it is the work men do, and not their tools, that is really important.



These Mexcian rancheros now farm the delta lands where Yuma and Cocopah Indians once carried on intermittent warfare.



Berina's workshop is a crumbling old adobe building. Her husband cuts hollow aspens for the trunk, and the ends are covered with cowhide. Her ancestors used buffalo hide.

Drum Maker of Cochiti

All the Indian tribesmen of the Southwest use drums in their ceremonials—just as their ancestors have done for countless generations. And if you ask a Pueblo Indian what drum he likes the best, more than likely he will tell you "Cochiti." The Cochiti pueblans in New Mexico have specialized in this craft, and find a wide market for their product not only among the tribesmen but among Anglo-Americans who use them for decorative purposes. Here is the story of Berina Cordero, who is proud of the drums she makes—and doesn't mind having her picture taken by a friend.

By BETTY WOODS

DRY chips of quaking aspen covered the blanket on which Berina sat. With every tap of her hammer on the chisel more chips curled out of the hollow piece of log. When she saw me her pretty plump face told me she was glad that I had come, and she held out her small brown hand.

"Sit down," she invited, pointing Indian-fashion with her lips to the low stool close by. I asked about each member of her family from the grandmother down to the toddler, Pauline, Berina's youngest. Then we talked about the crops.

"The corn is good," Berina said. "Chili is late this year. Too much rain in the spring."

But Berina Cordero and her family are lucky they don't have to depend altogether on the whims of nature for their livelihood. Nearly every member of this pueblo family makes drums, and good ones they are, too. Haven't the Cordero drums taken prizes in San Francisco, Gallup and Santa Fe? Drum making is an art at Cochiti, a little adobe village that lies quietly on the Rio Grande at the eastern limits of the Pajarito plateau in northern New Mexico. Ask any Indian of another

tribe what kind of a drum he prefers and he will say, "Cochiti."

Three of Berina's children sat beside her playing at making drums.

"That is how Indians learn to do things," Berina explained. "We watch the old people when we are young."

This way of teaching arts and crafts is common among all the Southwest tribes. It is a showing how rather than the teaching of theory and technique.

The Cordero workshop is in an old untenanted house, the grey adobe walls of which are melting back to earth. Inside, the log and brush ceiling reminded me of



Berina's mother, Estefanita, makes the huge pottery bowls so much sought by collectors.

those I had seen in the ancient dwellings at Chaco canyon. In the corner was a small fireplace, and here I could picture small brown people in bygone years roasting corn and cooking bone soup. On the hard-packed earth floor were a few hollow aspen logs, dead and dry. From these Berina will have her husband saw off pieces in the lengths desired for her drums.

When the sun is warm the Corderos work outside their little shop, not far from the family home. It was here that I found Berina making drums, in the shade of the melting walls.

"My husband went with the wagon to the mountains," she explained. "We need more logs for drums this winter. It takes all day to get to the aspen woods with a team and wagon, then it takes another day to come back. Maybe he will hunt a day for a load of logs. They must be dead a long time, and hollow."

"Berina," I said, feeling that I had waited the proper length of time before coming to the reason for my visit, "you make better drums than anyone else in the pueblo, I hear, and so I want to take your picture."

She did not say a word, and continued working. The hammer tapped the chisel which she held at an angle, the blade just touching a tree ring at the top of the incompleting drum. The chisel split down through the dead wood. Berina hollowed out the log more and trimmed the shell to an all-around evenness. This drum was to be a small one, with a shell about an inch thick. The larger drums are somewhat thicker.

Pictures! White people and their annoying cameras that cause so much trouble and misunderstanding between

the two races. I thought about the signs I'd seen at the various pueblos warning visitors against picture taking. NO CAMERAS ALLOWED. Or NO PICTURE TAKING WITHOUT PERMISSION OF THE GOVERNOR. I had left our camera in the car, out of deference to the wishes of these people.

Eventually, Berina said something in the Keresan language to her oldest daughter. The child sprang up and ran to a nearby house. In a few minutes there appeared a large, happy-faced woman carrying a comb. She was Berina's mother. She smiled and touched my hand with the light Indian handshake. More soft words were spoken in the strange tongue.

"She will comb my hair," announced Berina, "so it will look nice for your pictures."

I breathed my relief. I could take pictures!

Berina got up from the blanket and brushed the aspen chips from her apron. Then she said, "Come to my house. I will put on another dress, too."

We walked across the clean-swept yards while lazy dogs looked at us with sleepy eyes. They didn't bother to bark at the strange white woman, but they would keep an eye on her.

Berina's house was neat. On the white, yeso-covered walls hung santos of the Catholic church, but over in one corner I saw a small leather medicine bag. The medicine bag is Cochiti, and was Cochiti a thousand years ago. There was the wing fireplace, two beds and other furniture that made this long room a typical one among Indian pueblo homes. Then I saw the imprint of a small feminine hand on

the wall. Berina had plastered this room herself.

"Before the feast of Saint Buenaventura," she told me, "all the women put new mud on their houses. Inside and outside we fix up the house. Then all the women plaster new mud onto the kivas, too."

Saint Buenaventura is the patron saint of this pueblo and his day is July 14. The Cochitis celebrate in his honor with a corn dance, the customary manner of the pueblos in doing homage to their saints.

"Once at Isleta," I told Berina, "I tried to help some friends put mud on their house. But it didn't stay." I had to be honest. "They had to do my work all over again."

We both laughed at my clumsy efforts at doing the most simple work with mud.

"That is like the first time I tried to play basketball," Berina said. "But after a few months I was on the school team—Saint Catherine's Indian school in Santa Fe."

"And she was the best one on that team," Berina's oldest daughter added with the pride of seven years.

"My husband went to the same school and he was a good player, too," Berina dismissed her own athletic prowess.

Basketball is a favorite game among all young Indians who go to school. I've seen the Taos youngsters play it as enthusiastically as those down on the Pima and Papago reservations. Even prehistoric Indians of the Southwest played various kinds of ball games—with stone balls!

In a clean dress, Berina called to her mother. The older woman motioned for us to sit in the shade of a salt cedar tree. Berina and her mother sat on the ground, while I was given a box. Berina's long black hair shines like jet, from years of washing in amole suds. No Elizabeth Arden beauty preparation has the quality of making feminine hair more lovely than does the simple shampoo of amole roots.

I watched fascinated as the mother twisted the straight heavy hair into a chongo knot at the back of Berina's head. Over her high forehead hung the long bangs, in keeping with the fashion of pueblo women.

"We go back to the drum shop now," said Berina. "I'll show you how to make the drums while you take my picture. Later you may take a picture of my mother when she is making big pottery."

I wondered if it were possible that there was still living a single woman who made the large beautiful storage bowls of long ago, with their old designs.

"She is proud to show them to white people," Berina smiled. "Sometimes they buy them to put in their houses. We put our corn meal and dried fruit in them."

After we reached the shop, Berina brought out an especially fine drum and sat down to resume work on it. "This is the way we do," she said. "We fasten the

end pieces of hide tight with hide thongs. Then we hang the drum up to dry. Sometimes we paint them with paint made of ground rock or plants."

"What kind of hide do you use?" I asked.

"Cowhide. We soak it in the river to take the hair off. In the summer when it is hot the hide has to soak only a day or two; in the winter it must soak about a month."

"Don't you use buckskin at all?"

"No," she laughed. "That would make our drums sound like tin cans."

"How many drums can you make in a day?" I wanted to know.

"About 10 this size," pointing to a drum about ten inches long. "I have to take care of the children and cook, and clean house, too."

The Corderos also make ceremonial drums for other tribes. I wondered what tribe would sing and dance and chant to the throbbing beat of the large one which Berina's husband had finished recently. Or would it become a coffee table in some modernistic New York apartment?

"Where do you sell your drums?" I had to keep asking questions.

"In Santa Fe and Gallup, and in the East. Once we sent some to the fair in San Francisco, and we got prizes on our *ollabumbas* there."

"Ollabumbas?"

"Yes," she laughed, "*ollabumba* is what we call a drum in Cochiti."

She made it sound very rhythmical. I wondered if the word might not be a mixture of Spanish and the sound of the drum, "*olla*" being Spanish for earthen jar.



They start learning their drumcraft early in Cochiti. And if you don't think this young lady is intent on her work, just notice the angle at which her tongue is set.

While Berina worked, we had fun making pictures. We joked and laughed, and let the baby, Pauline, wander in and out of the pictures in great unconcern. With childlike mimicry, she tried to do everything her mother did. How many

generations this same thing has gone on here, daughter learning from mother and son from father!

"The old people say we lived in Frijole canyon before we came here," Berina answered a direct question regarding her ancestors. "After that, we lived on a mesa called Potrero de las Vacas. That is where the old people say the two lions turned to stone when the big fire burned up the world. We used to live near the Painted cave, too. It is a big cave with many paintings, mostly in red and yellow colors. There are pictures of the sun and clouds and lightning."

"Can you reach the cave in a car?" and I was thinking of this new place to explore.

"No, you have to walk or go on a horse. On the trail there you can see where we lived near two more stone lions."

There was anger in Berina's voice as she went on: "That is on the Potrero de los Idolos. But somebody looking for gold dynamited one of the lions. The gold he wanted is not there. My mother's father told her that when the Spanish soldiers came a long time ago, all the people hid in the mountains. Two medicine men took the gold and buried it in the river. They didn't tell the people where they hid it because they were afraid that the Spanish would capture the people and torture some to make them tell where the gold was. There was a big fight and many



Little Pauline takes a lesson from her mother. The aspen logs are hollowed out to a thin shell before the ends are covered. This detail has to be just right to give the proper vibration and sound.

Indians were killed. The two medicine men were killed with them."

The big fight which Berina referred to was the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, with its subsequent turmoil for several years, until De Vargas reconquered New Mexico.

Berina again spoke strange words to her mother and the latter answered her in the Cochiti language. "She says," Berina interpreted, "that there was turquoise and other things of the kiva, with the gold."

So, as far as anyone knows, the Rio Grande still keeps secret the whereabouts of Cochiti's buried treasure. Whenever we drive along the river near this pueblo, I have an impulse to get out and walk over the old river bed, with the hunch that maybe I'll find some of that long-lost treasure.

As I sat looking out across the village I thought of the different names by which Cochiti is known to other tribes, all applied with Indian directness. The Jemez people call Cochiti the Mountain Sheep Home. The Isleta Indians call it Soapweed Town. Cochiti, called by any name, is a romantic remnant of a long-long-ago. Most of its houses are one story high, and open onto small, sunbaked plazas. Three hundred and ten Indians live in the pueblo and along the *rio*. Within neighboring distances are several Mexican *placitas*. Farther to the south lies the pueblo of Santo Domingo.

Few pueblos in the Southwest have such a variety of crafts as Cochiti. Besides many drum makers, there are fine pottery makers and some belt weavers. They do bead work, too. The work of two or three Cochiti artists pleases the white travelers who venture from the main highway to this sequestered village.

"Here is your drum," said Berina, handing me one she had just finished. "You can remember me by it."

I did not need any reminder of Berina. No one needs a reminder of a good friend, and good friends these Cochitis are.

BIG DISCHARGE FROM LAKE MEAD CAUSES DAMAGE

Needles and other points along the lower Colorado river are reporting damage from too much water. Normal discharge through the spillways at Boulder dam has been from 20,000 to 25,000 second feet. However, due to excessive runoff from the upper watershed this fall the water level in Lake Mead has not been lowered as rapidly as reclamation bureau engineers have felt was necessary to provide storage for the spring flood next year. To meet this situation the discharge at Boulder dam has been stepped up to 35,000 second feet. "Better have 35,000 feet coming down the river now, than 50,000 or 75,000 next spring," say those in charge.

DESERT QUIZ

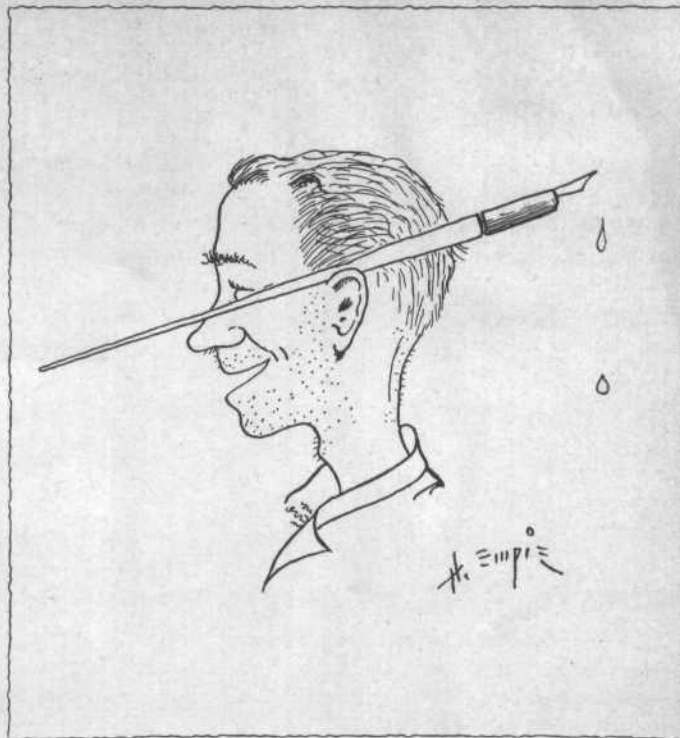
Desert Magazine gets many letters from the Quiz fans. Only a few of them make top scores—but the rest are learning. This monthly Quiz really is an interesting lesson in the geography, history, geology, botany and general lore of the desert, and many Desert Magazine readers take the test each month as a means of improving their knowledge of the desert country. If you make a score of 10 you know more than the average person. Fifteen correct answers is seldom attained except by the dyed-in-the-wool desert rats. More than 15 entitles you to the honorary degree of Sand Dune Sage. The answers are on page 26.

- 1—Most conspicuous species of cactus seen on the southern Arizona landscape is— Cholla..... Saguaro..... Bisnaga..... Prickly pear.....
- 2—Bill Williams and the Mountain Men came to the Southwest looking primarily for— Beaverskins..... Gold..... Indian scalps..... Homesteads.....
- 3—Indian tribesmen who live at Mescalero, New Mexico, are— Navajo..... Pahute..... Hualpai..... Apache.....
- 4—Going from the South to the North rim of Grand Canyon by the most direct highway route you would cross the Colorado river on the— Topock bridge..... Boulder dam..... Navajo bridge..... Lee's ferry.....
- 5—Most valuable product being taken from the floor of the Salton sink before the Colorado river flood submerged it in 1905-07 was— Gypsum..... Onyx..... Salt..... Pottery clay.....
- 6—Going from Monument valley to Bluff, Utah, the most important river you would cross is the— San Juan..... Colorado..... Little Colorado..... Green.....
- 7—The Jayhawkers crossed Death Valley in the winter of— 1843-44..... 1875-76..... 1857-58..... 1849-50.....
- 8—Escalante desert is in— New Mexico..... California..... Nevada..... Utah.....
- 9—Hopi Indians use the *kisi* as a place to— Conduct their underground ceremonies..... Store grain..... Bury their dead..... Confine their snakes for the annual snake dance.....
- 10—Common name for the desert shrub known as jojoba is— Rattle bush..... Goat nut..... Tumble weed..... Crucifixion thorn.....
- 11—The Kaibab squirrel found in the forest of the same name has a— black tail..... Brown tail..... White tail..... No tail.....
- 12—According to the most commonly quoted version of the Lost Pegleg legend, the gold was found— In a deep canyon..... On top of one of three hills..... Cached in an old mine tunnel..... In the sand dunes.....
- 13—Most common mineral sought by prospectors working at night with a fluorescent lamp is— Quicksilver..... Manganese..... Asbestos..... Scheelite.....
- 14—Searchlight is the name of an old mining town in— Nevada..... Utah..... Arizona..... New Mexico.....
- 15—The book, Wonders of the Colorado Desert, was written by— Chase..... Van Dyke..... James..... Saunders.....
- 16—Closest settlement to the entrance to Canyon de Chelly in Arizona is— Ganado..... Chin Lee..... Ft. Defiance..... Kayenta.....
- 17—The kangaroo rat generally makes its home— Near desert waterholes..... On sandy mesas..... On high peaks..... In desert shrubs or trees.....
- 18—Grand Falls is in the— Gila river..... Salt river..... Little Colorado..... Mojave river.....
- 19—Indians generally made their arrowpoints by flaking the rock with— Heat and cold..... Quartz crystals..... Piece of bone..... An ironwood awl.....
- 20—Survivors of the Cocopah tribe of Indians still live near their original habitat— In Coachella valley..... Along the lower Colorado river..... In Death Valley..... At the headwaters of the Gila.....

If you stopped at the Duncan drug store in south-eastern Arizona, you wouldn't guess that the red-headed young man behind the counter jerking sodas was the artist whose comic postcards are displayed on the stands all the way across the desert. Hal Empie, who runs the drug store in regular hours and draws cartoons in his spare time, could be working, if he chose, at a high salary in either New York or Hollywood. And if you wonder why he prefers to remain in a little desert town, you'll find the answer in this story.

Red-headed Cartoonist

By AUDREY WALLS



CARTOONIST HAL EMPIE —By Himself

HAL Empie is a story. And he will be amazed that I should have seen, in him, anything to write about. That, in all probability, is why he is a story.

The young man poured the chocolate and the slivered pecans over the ice cream with the grace and ease of one long experienced behind the soda counter. The most noticeable thing about him, beside his graceful hands, was his red hair. And it went with the impish grin.

The interior of the Duncan, Arizona, drug store was an oasis in the desert. I meant to take my time with the sundae and cool off a bit.

A customer came in and the young man waited on him for a package of razor blades. My eyes rested on a picture of a lank, amusing cowboy, painted in colors on the mirror back-drop of the soda fountain.

The bow-legged Arizona horseman in the picture had neatly lassoed a strawberry soda.

I mused over the painting. It was done in tempera—or something. You artists would know. Just the way the thing was drawn had a certain sparkle to it.

Another customer wanted a bottle of hair oil and the third brought a prescription to be filled. It kept the red haired young man pretty busy.

He came back to the fountain and refilled my water glass.

"You do all of the work around here?" I asked.

"Yes'm—that is—most of it."

He rang up the 15 cents for my sundae

and inquired politely, "Will there be anything else, ma'am?"

"Yes, I should like to know who painted the picture of the cowboy on the mirror back-drop."

Red eyelashes fluttered over brown eyes that closed almost shut when he laughed. He replied modestly, "I did, ma'am."

"Very good!" I exclaimed. "I see it isn't all cactus that grows on this Arizona desert."

"You think not? Thank you, ma'am."

I turned to go out the door and bumped smack into a large rack of copyrighted Kartoon-Kards.

One of the post cards showed an Indian woman carrying her papoose in a twentieth century, streamlined cradle board. It was equipped with a sun shade to keep the snoozing youngster cool, and a practical looking water gauge also had been added. The faucet at the bottom, of course, was to permit the escape of excess moisture.

Another card was the scene of a desert filling station. The attendant, leaning against the gasoline pump, snored in siesta and relied upon the honesty of his customers. The crudely lettered sign told them to help themselves, thanked them and asked them to come back again. The money was to be placed in the bucket nearby.

To the left was a clump of sage brush, protected from the desert sun by an umbrella. The sign said, "Ladies."

To the right, the sign on another sage brush said, "Gents." But there was no umbrella.

Other designs showed tenderfeet climbing desert cacti to escape the gorings of

enraged bulls. That explained, the tenderfeet said, why they were too busy to write.

I chuckled at the dozens of clever subjects on the cards.

"I see they are done by a Duncan, Arizona, man," I said. "Who is the artist?"

"Why—I—am, ma'am."

The name, *Hal Empie*, was on the cards.

"You are Hal Empie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"This is the Empie drug store, isn't it? Does your father own it?"

"No, I do." He grinned the impish grin and looked at me almost bashfully from beneath red eyebrows.

I sat down limply in a chair nearby.

"How long have you been doing this art business?"

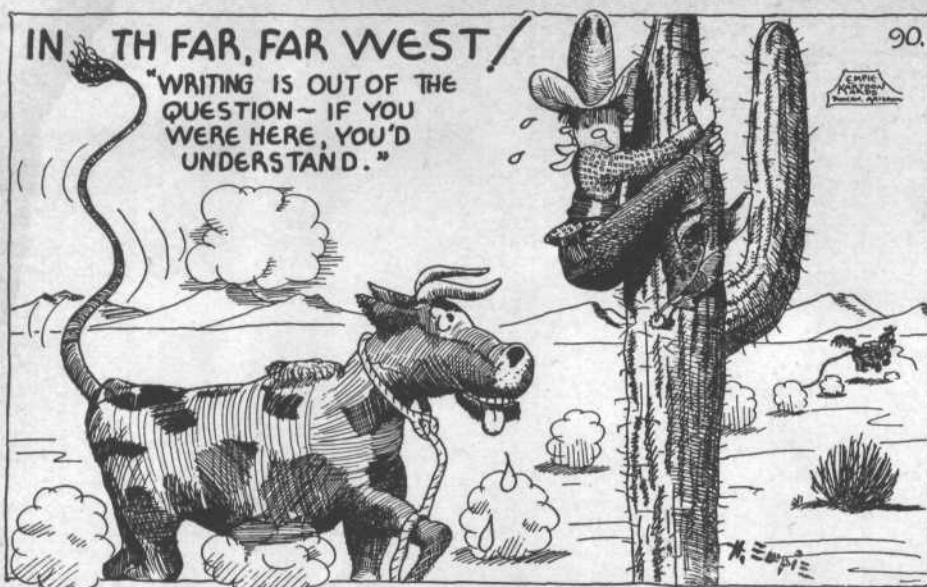
"Oh for years. Ever since I can remember. I guess there have been thousands of these cards sold in the past few years. I do that in my spare time."

"Those oils and water colors I see above the display shelves. Are they yours, too?"

"Yes, ma'am. People are always after me to do more of those. I will, maybe, when I get time. That surrealist thing you see up there, the one showing Hitler and Stalin and all that crazy stuff, was fun to paint. But I don't like surrealism. This other stuff is my hobby. It is what I am going to do."

"What do you mean, 'this other stuff'?"

"Oh, the Kartoon-Kards and books and things. I am working on a bunch of cards for the army now. What I mean is, the men in the camps may like them—I hope! Would you like to see the two new ones I am working on now?"



A preview of the cards in the making would indicate a flourishing business for this unassuming red-head.

"Very interesting!" I said inadequately, "and have you ever done other cartoon work—for newspapers, or syndicates?"

"No, ma'am. The syndicates can't see me down in this country. I'm afraid I couldn't work their way. My mind would go dry as a sand dune."

Imagine, if you can, Niagara Falls going dry!

"When I get an idea," he continued, "I like to work it out to suit myself. And I prefer to work only when I feel like it."

I thought: That must be most of the time—judging from the quantity of work on display. Positive proof is the new automobile he bought from his Kartoon-Kard royalties a few weeks ago. So the neighbors said. Hal did not mention it.

Sounds nervy, doesn't it, my calling him Hal? I talked with him only 15 minutes. I had never seen him before. He doesn't even know my name—or that I am writing this. But Hal is that kind of a person. And the longer I thought about him the more I realized he should be written about. As I say, he is a story. I'll tell you why I think so.

I hounded him with questions.

"Aren't you interested in branching out?"

"Maybe. I am always working for something better, and I am not one to turn down a deal if the setup was right. But what is branching out anyway, except giving yourself more grief than you can handle? I have had a few offers, but I couldn't see them. Anyhow, I don't think anybody was very badly disappointed. There are lots of good artists. They don't need me. It isn't that I didn't appreciate the offers . . ."

I learned later that the opportunities with the wrong kind of setup, as he called it, were from a Hollywood studio and from a prominent newspaper.

"I would rather work where I am needed," he said. "I am not boasting that these folks need me here, but I am quite



Cartoons on these pages copyrighted by Hal Empie.

busy. And I think as long as a fellow is busy he is happy." (If he could have heard the note of pride in the voices of the townsmen when they talked of Hal . . .)

"Besides," he went on, "I have my drug store. And these friends I have here are pretty hard to beat. Duncan is all right for me. I can be a loyal American citizen right here, the same as I could in Hollywood or New York.

"And who knows, I may be able to do even more for Uncle Sam by staying right here and keeping calm and helping other folks to laugh and stay calm. We've got to keep our heads, you know. We can't go running around like a bunch of locoed prairie dogs and expect to come out with our shirts on our backs. And when I am called into training I am ready for that, too."

That was the part of his story I especially liked. When a loyal American citizen looks you in the eye and talks sense like that, it makes you realize what we need is more of these calm acting folks. Plain people, just like Hal. Alert as a burro on the trail he is. But not panicky.

"You must sit up nights, thinking up all these ideas for your cards," I suggested.

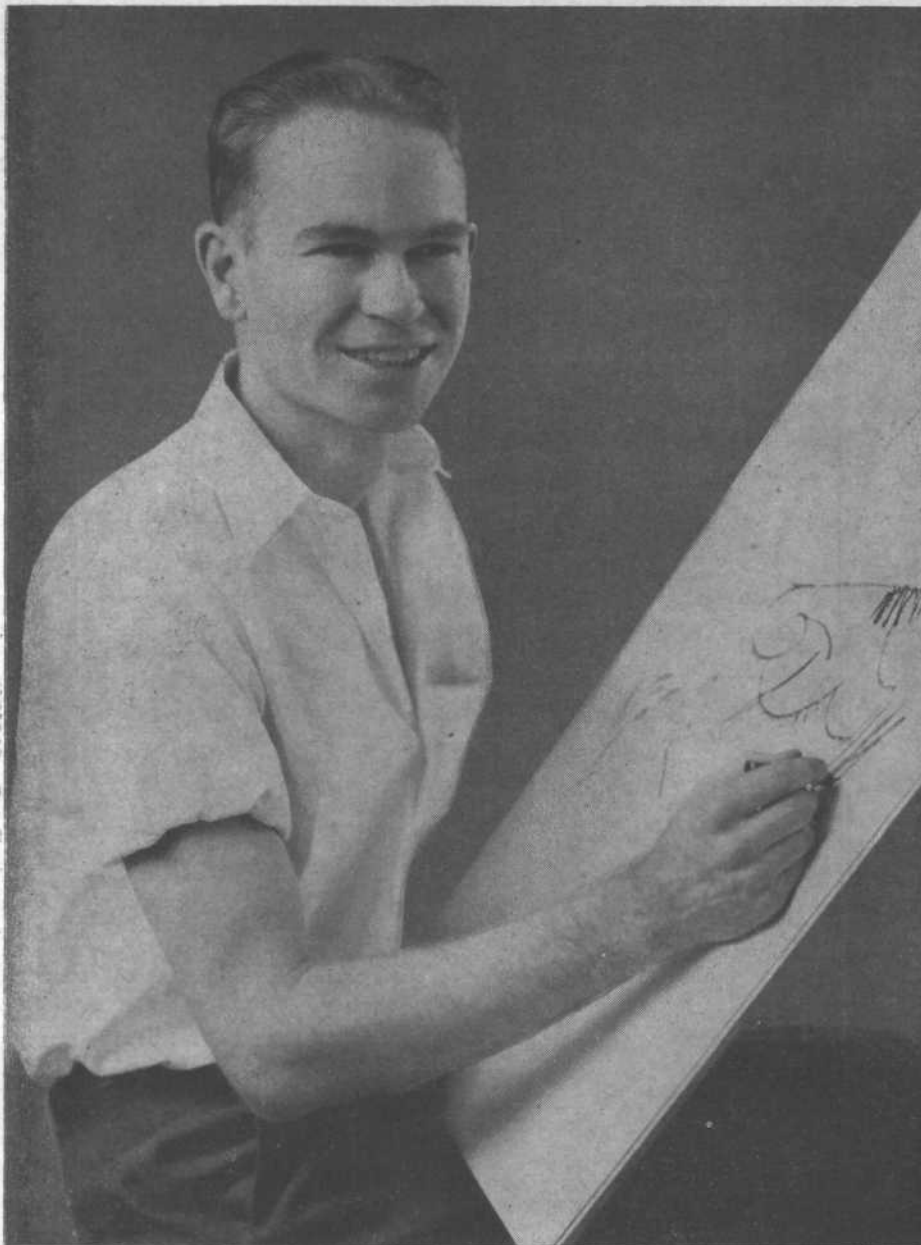
"No, ma'am, such as they are," he explained, "they are all to be found right here in Arizona. I can't seem to get 'em down on paper fast enough. They're around here—plain as the stickers on a cactus. All you have to do is reach up and pick them out of the air."

Sez he! I thought to myself, it's no wonder he can afford to wait for the right setup . . .

"I should think there would be others try to copy your idea for the post cards."

"Why, it isn't mine by divine right, ma'am. I have my own ideas copyrighted. But anybody who wants to, can draw post cards. Come to think of it, there have been a few others who have tried it. About seven or eight of them."





Red-headed Hal Empie, who runs a drug store at Duncan, Arizona, and draws cartoons in his spare time.

"You said something about books," I reminded him.

"I wrote a juvenile book not long ago, and that took quite a while. Just the other day I started to sign a contract with a publisher. Then I read all the fine print. I didn't like the contract. So I didn't sign it."

"Well," I offered weakly, "someone ought to write about *you*. Have they ever done it?"

"A few weeks ago a man came through here and took a lot of pictures. Came in here right when I was the busiest and cluttered the place with his cameras and stuff. Said he was with one of those picture magazines."

"But if you want to know my honest opinion, I think he was a hobo photographer, just passing through. Maybe he was working his way through college. I don't know."

"I see." And I kept thinking of the old adage, "Build a better mousetrap . . ."

For here in this little Arizona town of Duncan, that seems to be in perpetual siesta, the world is making a path to the door of Hal Empie's drug store.

Hal, the owner, cartoonist, artist and writer, turns his red head upon offers that would flatter some folks beyond speech.

Hal, the soda-jerk, greets the world with a welcome and unassuming, "Howdy, folks! What'll it be? A soda? What flavor?"

And if you reply with that old cheese-paring, "Strawberry, you dummy, don't you know your business?" you will be off on the wrong track.

Hal Empie knows his business. Especially about the locoed prairie dogs. And other things, too.

I can hear him say, "Oh, *that* woman? The one with all the questions? If you want my honest opinion, she was a hobo writer, just passing through!"

Hal Empie knows his business—*plenty!*

MEMORIES

BY MAXINE ELIZABETH MILEY
Los Angeles, California

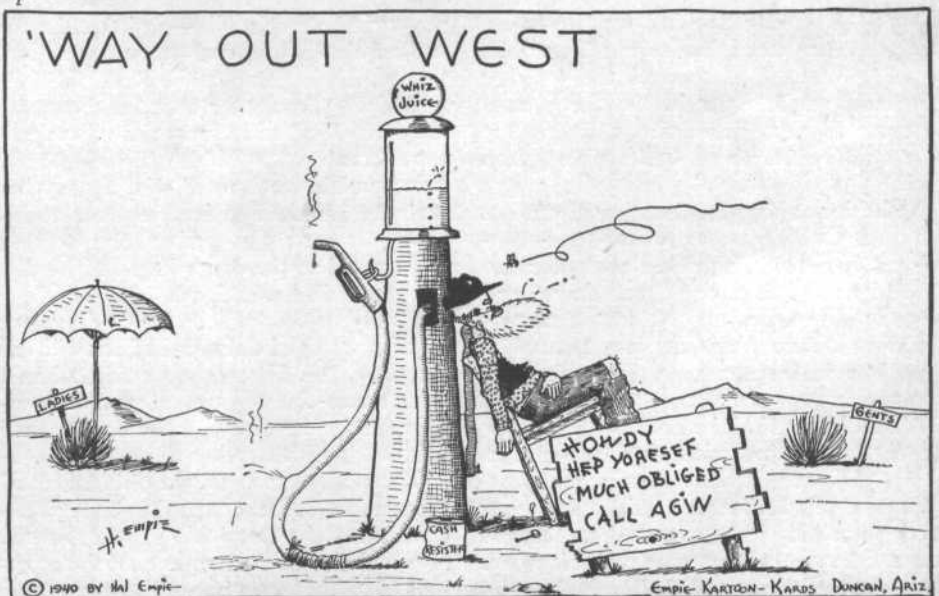
Would that I might share the song,
My memory keeps singing.
That I could share the perfect peace
I find my childhood bringing.

Of city life, we weary grow,
And dream of deeper ties;
Forever replacing steel and stone
With purple against paler skies.

I change the darkness of morning streets,
And the din of city clatter
To the glorious desert sunrise,
And the gentle quails' soft chatter.

My place beside a busy desk,
To a spot where the mesquite grows.
My near and workaday tailleur
To jeans with a patch that shows.

My once turbulent, weary mind
Becomes more crystal clear,
As I bask again in my memories rich,
Of the desert I hold so dear.



After spending three months on the west coast of Mexico painting and collecting mineral and botanical specimens, Johnny Hilton is back at his unique roadside studio on Highway 99 near Indio—and writing once more for Desert Magazine readers. This month John followed an old Indian trail into the Santa Rosa mountains in the area where Fig Tree John's mythical gold mine is supposed to be located. Hilton didn't have much luck finding the mine—but he came upon a little known palm oasis, and mineral and fossil deposits which will be interesting to the collecting fraternity.

Howard Barnes, Hilton's companion, at the marble-graphite deposit.



Paradise for Hammer Hounds

By JOHN HILTON

WE WERE looking for the legendary lost mine of Fig Tree John when I discovered the interesting mineral deposits in the Santa Rosa mountains near Travertine point on the west side of Southern California's Salton sea.

Had it not been for the story of the lost mine I probably never would have wandered into that uninviting region. From the highway it is a rough drab desert, and one would never suspect it contained such mineral outcroppings as garnet, marble, graphite in limestone, wollastonite and aragonite.

We did not find the gold mine. I rather doubt if the mine exists. Fig Tree died in 1927. His son, Johnny Mac, when questioned about his father's gold mine, mutters something that sounds like "maybe so, maybe no," and goes on with his work. But some of the aged Cahuillas believe the

story of Fig Tree's gold—and that the old Indian killed several trespassers and threw their bodies into the shaft.

Old Fig Tree had a flair for showmanship. He liked to impress the other Indians as much as he did his white neighbors. It is possible the "mine" was just another story he invented to lend mystery to his strange career. Or, perhaps he actually found gold in the Santa Rosas. If he did, the secret died with him.

I was following the oral directions given by an aged Cahuilla Indian, with his grandson Ben Toro as my guide, when I came across the unusual mineral and fossil deposits in that area. Also the little palm oasis with a spring of clear water.

The palms are a source of much local speculation. Some say that Fig Tree planted them. Others say this palm oasis was always there. I have met at least three persons who told me they planted the lone

date palm now growing there with the Washingtonias. Since I know all of them are truthful men, I am forced to conclude that two of the seeds failed to sprout, or died at an early age. Anyway, there is but one date palm.

H. E. W. Wilson, who prospected this area for many years in search of the lost Pegleg Smith gold, said he camped at the oasis in 1903. It was a hot day and while he and John Collins, for whom Collins valley was named, rested in the shade, their companion John Steen gathered seeds from the older palms and stuck them in the ground around the cienega. They always referred to the oasis as "Steen's Rest."

This area is full of interest for the archaeologist and historian as well as the mineral collector. There are ancient Indian inscriptions in the calcareous tufa along the old shore line that is visible at Travertine point. And there are many unanswered questions of more recent dating. For instance, who were the two men who worked a small gold and copper claim in this area, and left behind the remains of a charcoal smelter which they evidently had used to reduce their ore? And there is the story of the signature found in one of the caves—purportedly the inscription of a member of the first survey party to come this way. Another mystery has to do with a bundle of empty money bags imprinted "Crocker National Bank of San Francisco," found under a rock near the point.

My first trip into this part of the desert

was several years ago. More recently Howard Barnes and I retraced the original route in order to sketch the details for a map for *Desert Magazine*—the map which accompanies this story. During the intervening years there had been little change in the country—and it was no less fascinating to me than on that first expedition.

We found our first garnets as we crossed the wash of that name on the map. Here the sand was literally pink with millions of tiny garnet fragments. These are of the almandine type with the purplish wine red so prized by jewelers when the stones are clear and of sufficient size to cut. I have never found any gem quality stones in this area, however.

Farther up the arroyo, on the right bank, we found garnets in place, in schist and granite. Although the color in the small crystals is good, the larger specimens are so flawed as to be of little value to the gem-cutter. They are nice specimens, however, if chiseled out of the native rock with part of the matrix attached.

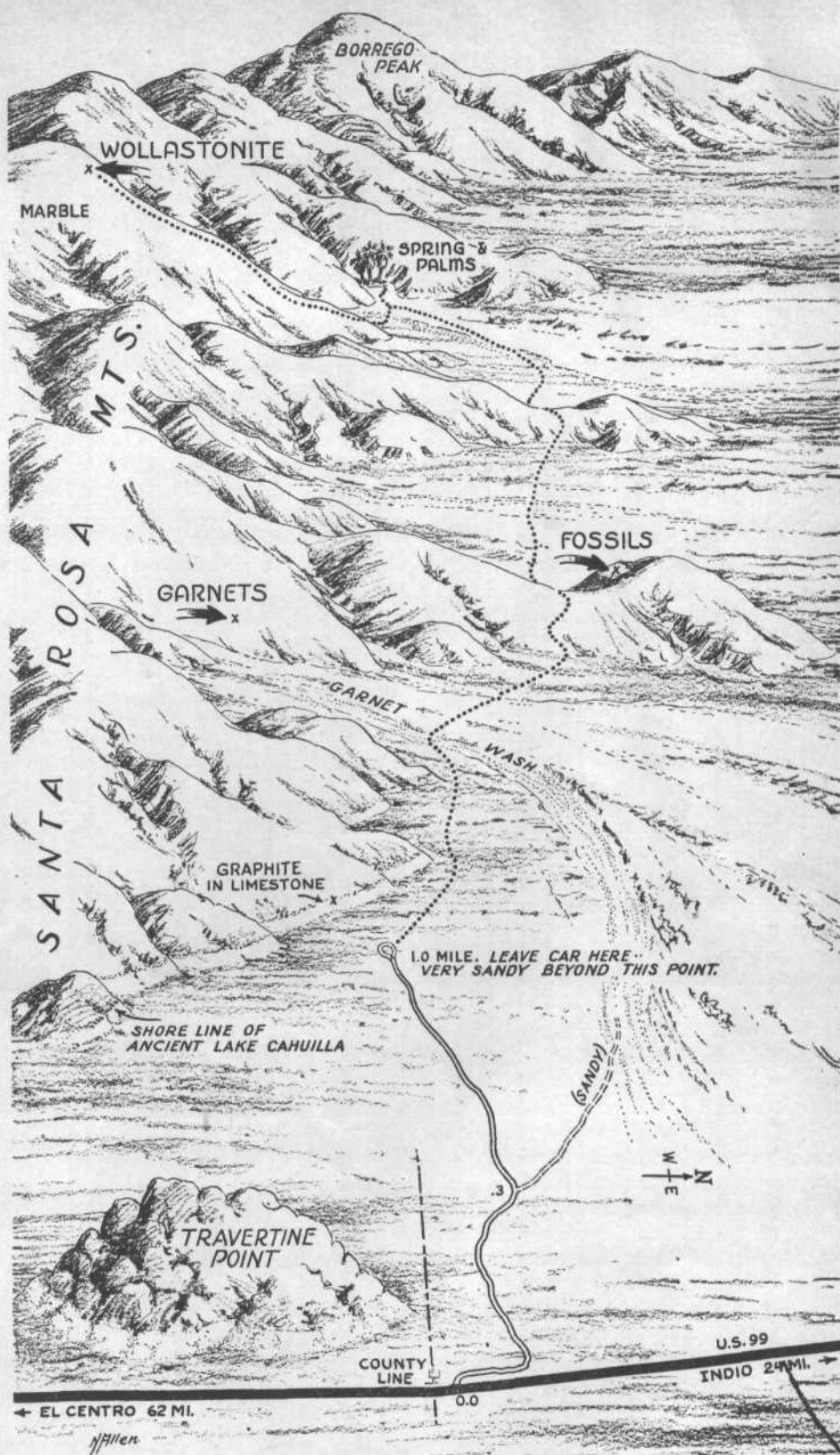
Almandine carries as much as 38 percent iron. In fact it is so rich in metal that it fuses to a glassy mass that attracts a magnetic needle. Even some of the crystals are slightly magnetic in their natural form.

Other members of the garnet family also are represented in this area. Hessonite (calcium aluminum garnet) occurs in small yellowish or orange crystals in some of the limestones. In one spot high up on the ridge of Borrego peak, it is in association with vesuvianite and wollastonite in calcite. Boulders in the arroyo near the palms sometimes carry this combination—float from the slopes above.

Small quartz seams, usually on the contacts between the marbles and the granites, carry tiny ruby red to black crystals of pyrope (magnesium aluminum garnet), imbedded like small plums in a pudding.

None of the well-formed crystals in this area are very large but I have had a great deal of pleasure with the tiny crystals I have found in perfect form. Large garnets here are malformed or fractured to the point where it is hard to preserve them intact, but those varying in size from a match head to a pea are sometimes very fine and show many interesting crystal forms. Under a low power microscope some of the quartz, limestone and schist rocks disclose veritable gem collections. Many collectors scorn little crystals in favor of large imperfect specimens. I believe this is a mistake. One of the finest collections of minerals I have ever seen was kept in small glass vials, with no single specimen larger than a pea.

Ben Toro, who took me into this country the first time, showed me an old Indian trail winding up out of the arroyo and

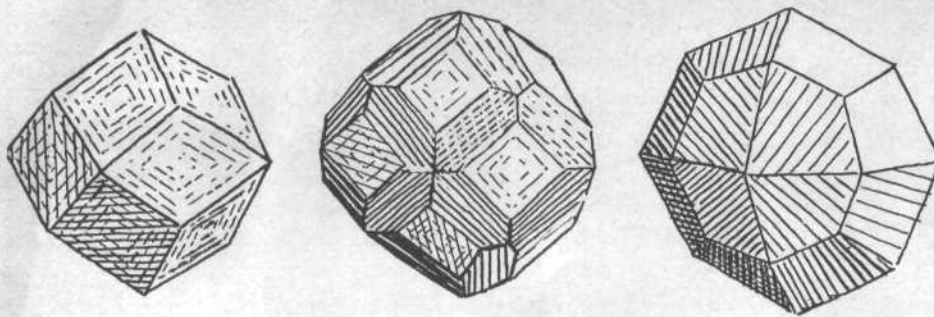


through a low gap in the hills. We dropped down into another arroyo and then over a second low ridge into the big wash where the palm oasis is located.

Ben's grandfather had told me that Fig Tree John got his water from the spring in the palms when he was "working his mine." As a boy, Ben had accompanied older Indians in this area hunting sheep.

When the law was passed protecting the sheep the Cahuilla Indians were resentful. They considered wild game their rightful prey, just as the plains Indians felt that buffalo were their special property.

But the Cahuillas became reconciled, and today no hunting parties camp at the palm oasis, or climb the Santa Rosas for



Three forms of garnet crystals found in the Borrego peak area. Left—Hessonite occurs here as a rhombic dodecahedron. Center—Amandine takes this form, a rhombic dodecahedron the 24 edges of which are truncated by the faces of the icositetrahedron. Right—The pyrope in this area has the icositetrahedron form.

mountain sheep. The white men came and destroyed all but a few, and then passed a law protecting those that survived.

On my recent trip with Howard Barnes, we followed the Indian trail Ben Toro had shown me previously. In passing over the first ridge I noticed odd-looking pieces of brown sandstone. They appeared out of place on this hill which is composed of crystalline limestone and granite. I stopped to examine one of the rocks and found imbedded in its side a radiate of the sand-dollar type, similar to those picked up on California's beaches.

Leaving the trail I climbed the side of the hill and was surprised to find these and many other marine fossils in place. Many of these shells have weathered completely out of their sandstone matrices and make fine specimens. Barney and I enjoyed a half hour picking up clams, oysters, periwinkles, mussels and even barnacles on top of an ocotillo-clad hill in the middle of a desert.

We could look down from our high perch and see the water-line of ancient fresh water Lake Cahuilla skirting Travertine point and forming a band along the foot of the hills. And out beyond, Salton sea shimmered like a great sapphire in a tawny wrinkled mass of velvet brown. The hills that sloped away from the opposite shore of the sea had the color which inspired early explorers to name them the Chocolate mountains.

Travertine point evidently received its name before the scientific fraternity had an opportunity to examine critically the deposits there. True travertine is a hot water deposit. The material found here, according authoritative opinion, is calcareous tufa. It originally was calcium carbonate in solution, deposited by the lapping waters of the old lake. The parent limestone from which it came is much in evidence in this area.

Not far from the fossil bed we found flakes of graphite imbedded in white marble. It is not difficult to tell graphite from the mica which also occurs here. The test is its streak. A flake of graphite smeared

across one's hand leaves a silvery black path similar to the mark of a lead pencil. As a matter of fact lead is not used in lead pencils—the substance is compressed graphite. Under a microscope these flakes show crystal angles which make them interesting specimens.

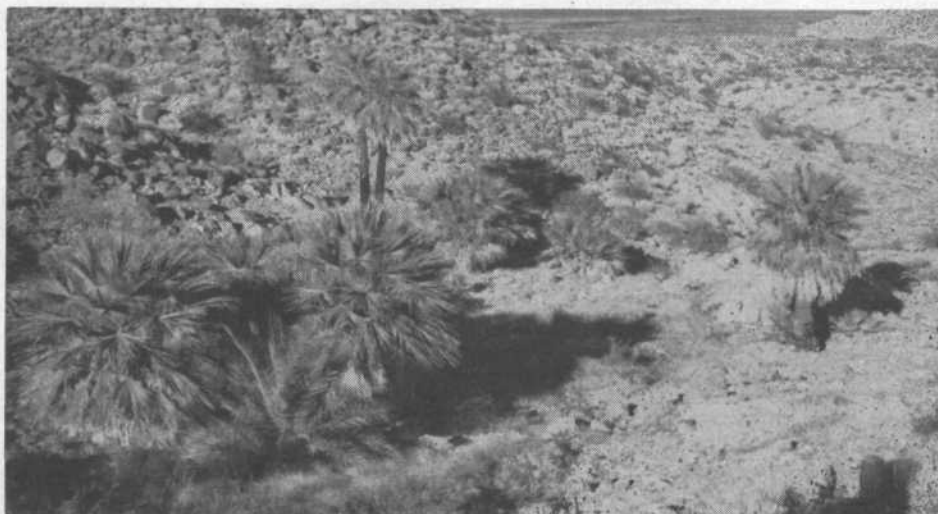
We continued along the old trail. Crossing the next arroyo we saw many boulders of granite and marble in which were garnets of different sizes and types. Some of the marble is compact enough to polish, and the banded specimens would make attractive bookends or desk sets—with much less effort than to work agate or petrified wood.

Our route led over another low ridge and then down into the arroyo in which the palm spring is located. The palms are not visible from the bottom of the wash until one turns a bend close to the foot of the Santa Rosas. Then suddenly they appear in full view, their bright green fronds glistening in the brilliant sunlight. It is a delightful little park, with a mat of bermuda grass forming a thick sod around the spring. A typical American oasis!

The water had a slight alkaline flavor and was too full of insects to be inviting. Kept clean, however, I believe it would



Marine fossils on a hillside in the desert.



This photograph shows part of the palm oasis—with the lone date palm tree in the foreground.

be a satisfactory source of drinking water. With no one there to do the cleaning, I would advise hikers to carry their canteens.

We ate our lunch in the shade of the palms, discussed their probable age, and wondered if Fig Tree John really had a gold mine in the rugged slopes above.

My friend L. S. Barnes once told me the story of two prospectors who worked a claim near this point. He came upon their camp one afternoon quite unexpectedly. They were friendly enough, but not inclined to talk. The camp was on a well-concealed bench some distance from the spring, and it was evident the men preferred to be left alone.

Later one of the miners had to be taken out with an injured leg, and the camp was abandoned. Barnes saw a crude smelter they had built, but the shaft or tunnel from which their ore was coming was not in sight.

Several years afterward I accompanied Barnes to the place. Cloudbursts had carried away all evidence of the camp. We never were able to locate the mine. It may have been Fig Tree John's old workings. I do not know.

After lunch Barney and I climbed the ridge toward the peaks above. Our trail crossed great deposits of cleavable calcite, milky grey to white or cream color. Some areas were almost paved with natural rhombic cleavages of this mineral, glittering like jewels in the sun.

The climbing was steep, and we stopped often to rest and survey the beautiful desert panorama below us. As we gained altitude we could see more and more of Salton sea, with the Chocolate mountains, the Orocopias, Chuckawallas, Eagles, Mecca clay hills and the Little San Bernardino all within our view. San Gorgonio and San Jacinto peaks formed great snow clad portals at either side of San Gorgonio pass. Immediately below us were the ridges of the Santa Rosas jutting out into the great alluvial fan like giant buttresses erected to brace the mountain chain behind.

Near the summit we came to the deposit of wollastonite—a metasilicate of calcium—in veins and masses through the coarsely crystallized limestone. The calcite weathers a shiny white, but wollastonite has a woody grey appearance that makes it easily distinguishable. Once the surface is broken, the rock takes on an entirely different aspect. The interior is a mass of needle-like crystals, silky white to clear, with an almost mirror-like luster.



Above—Close-up photograph of the Wollastonite.

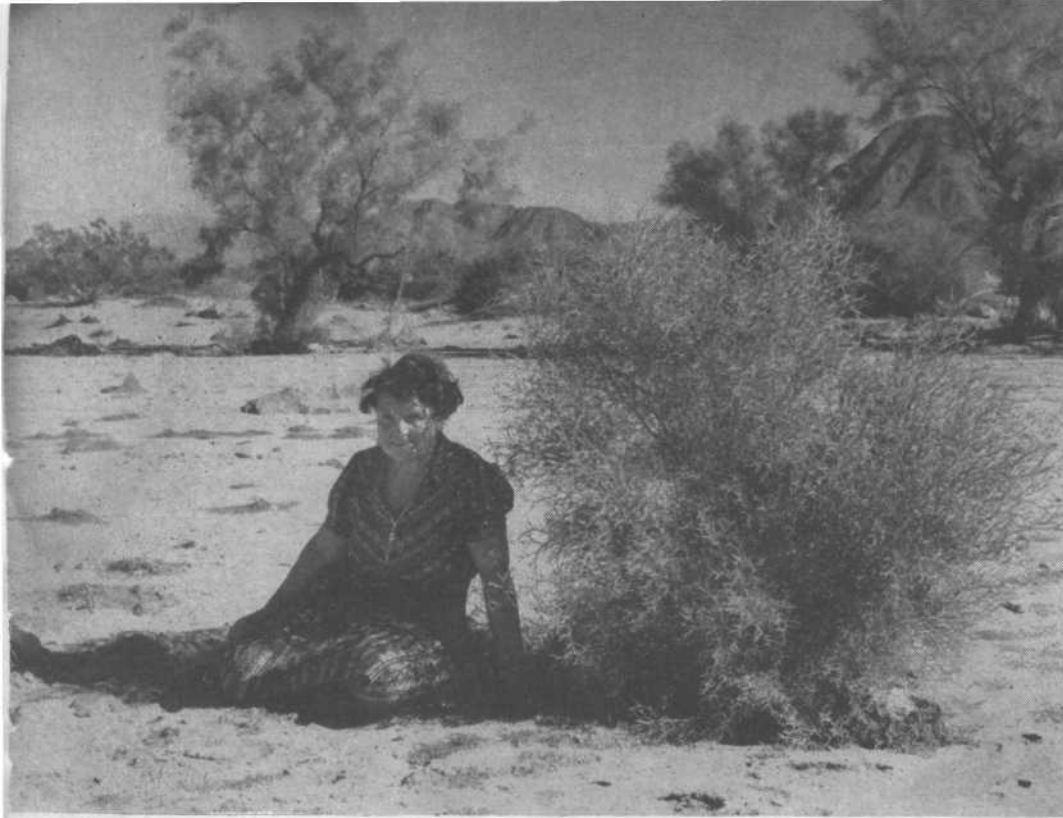
Below—Fossils on an ocotillo studded hillside in the middle of the desert.

They form radiating or undulating groups, and freshly fractured pieces make showy cabinet specimens.

This deposit of limestone and wollastonite is a "hammerhound's" paradise. Here at last is one spot where a prospector's pick brings out new beauty with every blow—and no harm is done. What is more, there is a whole mountainside of the material to work on—an ideal place indeed for those members of the collecting fraternity who have an uncontrollable itch to break rocks. But they will have to earn their right to do so by a rather arduous hike.

All in all, this is a fine collecting area, offering a rich reward to those who have the stamina to make the trip. Every time I visit this region I find something new—and I am sure that I have not yet found all the interesting mineralogical deposits to be discovered here.

Although I would never confess that I am a chronic lost-mine hunter, I'll admit that on my trips into this part of the Santa Rosa range I constantly keep an eye out for old camps or dumps—the evidence of previous mining operations. It really would be fun to find one of those mythical old mines at that.



Tricks and Manners --of desert plants

By LESTER ROWNTREE

MANY of my notes on desert plants are made while my car is stuck in some desert canyon and I am hopefully waiting for help. Since I have a natural antipathy to machinery and know even less than most women about the internals of a car, this happens quite often. However, I am beginning to learn that I can sometimes extricate myself from deep sand by letting part of the air out of my tires and backing in my own tracks, and I remember every once in awhile to use the four gunny-sacks which always go with me on a desert trip.

But these devices don't always work and sometimes I wait two days and nights, or even longer, before I hear the labored chugging and the grinding tires of a nearing car. As a rule, though, somebody turns up within 24 hours. And as long as I have water to drink and something or other to eat, I would rather poke about the neighborhood than take a long hot walk back to the nearest main road.

Being stuck in the dry sand of a quiet

"Being stuck in the sand in a dry wash of a quiet lonely desert canyon is one of my most restful and reviving experiences . . . these are times when I learn most about the desert and its plants," says Lester Rowntree.

lonely desert canyon is one of my most restful and reviving experiences. My time isn't of any importance—I can think and observe and take notes at my leisure, and become entirely aware of my surrounding world. These are the times when I learn the most about the desert and its plants. And I may find that some of my previous conceptions have been all wrong—that some plant which I thought had a secret sorrow is really delighted with its situation, that another which seemed to be a chronic invalid is only an introvert, that a dainty flowering thing only a few inches tall makes quite a different figure after it has attained maturity and the well-known middle-aged spread, and that heat and sand and drought are not the unmixed blessings to the desert plants we always suppose them to be.

How do we know that they wouldn't relish a little less heat, a little more moisture and a richer diet? Certainly we can see that their effort to utilize to the utmost whatever water they can get, conditions

Lester Rowntree's idea of a botanical expedition on the desert is to load her bedroll and a week's grub in the car and go off alone on one of the many by-roads that lead to remote sectors of the arid country. On such trips she gains an intimate acquaintance with the flowers and shrubs that thrive with little moisture. Desert plants, she says, are much like humans—some of them intelligent, and others dumb—some friendly and others quite hostile.

their whole lives. The annuals are of course alert to run through their cycle of growth, bloom and seed, striking while the iron is hot, or rather while the ground is wet. Gourds, cacti and a few others among the perennials create bulky reservoirs, either sub-surface or above-ground. Desert Trumpet *Eriogonum inflatum* carries its reservoir in its stem, as does the annual Desert Candle *Streptanthus inflatus*. The prehistoric-looking Elephant tree *Bursera microphylla* stores its reserve in the lower part of his ponderous trunk. Most of the rest are well-diggers, with long tap-roots which go deep into the sand after whatever moisture may be there. An inch-tall seedling of Smoke tree *Parosela* or *Dalea spinosa* can have a root a foot long. And if you will examine some of these long tap-roots, you will find that they are moist at the tip, even though the plant itself may be dried up and to all appearances dead.

Desert plants work very hard at the business of self-protection—harder than is necessary, I sometimes think, and not always intelligently. Perhaps, like human beings, having started something they go on with it until they are afraid to stop. Sometimes they behave like wolves in sheep's clothing, sometimes they try to disguise themselves, all to circumvent whatever it is they are afraid of. They are extremely soft and tender, or extremely harsh and prickly, either method apparently adopted to the same end. Or both at the same time—for this year's leaves and shoots, tender and alluring, clothed in downy silver, may develop by next year into thorns and sharp spears.

Desert shrubs are always on the defensive. Some, like Catsclaw *Acacia greggii* wear hooks on their stems. Others put on hairs or wool or tiny thorns. Some bear very few and very small leaves. Others bear scales under the pretense that they are leaves, and some, such as Crucifixion Thorn *Holocantha emoryi* bear almost no

leaves at all. Species which do permit themselves leaves are apt to give them saw edges or barbs, spines or bristles. And the spiny sparsely leaved muddled-shaped *Krameria canescens* goes to the extreme of sticking pins all over its rounded seed pods to discourage animals and insects from making off with them.

Some desert plants think it wisest to lie low and flat, like Desert Star *Monoptilon bellioides*. Others prefer stickiness. Some develop a greatly thickened bark. *Euphorbia californica* and other Euphorbias hoard a milky juice. And every little while you find a species with a good strong smell. Take a sniff of Bladder pod *Isomeris arborea* for instance. Not poison gas exactly, but very nasty.

Then there is the method of protective coatings, which you might think from the radio was an entirely new idea. Don't we all know the suave or emotional voices which beg us to give a "protective coating" to this or that tract of our physical makeup? Don't the air-waves warn us daily that our cars' insides must have a certain sort of "protective film" and their outsides another and equally important sort, or they will crumble to ruin before our eyes? Well, the desert plants had that idea long before the radio began to talk about it. Look at the way one group plasters itself with gum, like Creosote bush *Larrea divaricata*, and another with varnish, like Turpentine Broom *Thamnosma montana*. They have worked out their "protective films" without the benefit of announcers and commercials and they have just as varying and uncertain luck with them as

we do with the products to which we succumb.

While I respect many desert plants for their success in life, I sometimes suspect others of poor planning. It isn't unreasonable that a shrub should defend its leaves and stems against rodents while it displays brightly colored and pleasantly scented flowers to attract insects and humming birds. And the greens and greys and sandy tans of the plants are doubtless good camouflage. But it is not reasonable for them to put on glistening silvery stems and leaves, which are sure to attract the attention of both the animals who eat them and the humans who pick them. The Hosackias which start out with succulent leaves and then change to soft gleaming grey ones haven't improved their situation much. A shrub which in intense heat and drought is thick-wooled or fiercely thorned, begins to relax its vigilance when conditions improve even a little. Its wool becomes thinner and greener or its thorns become softer. The animals against which it was on guard soon discover this, and all its precautions are wasted. Or a plant which has been firmly denying itself the luxury of leaves will turn spend-thrift at a sudden bonanza of moisture and will cover itself with foliage—only to be raided and devoured.

It is only those plants with souls of a New England-like consistency, that never lose their heads at unexpected good luck, nor abandon the safe principles established by generations of struggle and conflict, which make a real success of plant life in the desert.

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



"Durn greenhorns!" snorted Hard Rock Shorty. "Givin' me a big load o' wind about these alum springs. 'They don't pucker no more'n a mejum sized persimmon,' sez he. 'They don't shrink things down no more'n a good thunderstorm.' Durn half-wit! He don't know nuthin'."

Hard Rock paused briefly in his castigation of the luckless dude who had casually questioned the factual background of some of Hard Rock's fabulous reporting.

"Why," sputtered Hard Rock, "what does he want me to do? Call myself a liar? Think I didn't see them things myself? Why—why—I'd like to take 'im an' his durn book an' drop 'em in that alum spring on Eight Ball crick an' stir 'em up a while 'fore I fished 'em out. He'd look like a small boy with a postage stamp!

"Why the things I've seen shrunk down in that spring surprises me some times! It not only puckers up ever' thing that falls in, but pulls in all the loose stuff for ten foot all around.

"One time I was over there lookin' at it when a sparrow flew over me. Leastwise I thought it was a sparrow from the shadow but when I looked up durned if it wasn't an eagle! Reg'lar size an' all. He'd flew over that spring an' it'd shrunk 'is shadow down.

"Them eagles had tough luck seemed like. They built a nest not far away an' Pa Eagle made a misjudgement tryin' to dive down and snatch a jackrabbit that'd just took a drink. That alum water shrunk the rabbit down so fast Mr. Eagle missed his target and nearly broke his beak on a rock.

"Not only that, Ma Eagle accidental dropped her eggs in the spring one day an' 'fore she c'd get 'em fished out they'd been puckered up so they hatched out humming birds."

Prizes to Amateur Photographers

Each month the Desert Magazine offers cash awards of \$5.00 and \$3.00 for first and second place winners in an amateur photographic contest. The staff also reserves the right to buy any non-winning pictures.

Pictures submitted in the contest are limited to desert subjects, but there is no restriction as to the residence of the photographer. Subjects may include Indian pictures, plant and animal life of the desert, rock formations—in fact everything that belongs essentially to the desert country.

Following are the rules governing the photographic contest:

1—Pictures submitted in the January contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by January 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

4—Prints must be in black and white, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 or larger, and must be on glossy paper.

Pictures will be returned only when stamped envelopes or photo-mailers are enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the January contest will be announced and the pictures published in the March number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

Contest Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.

Going East! •

Land of Romance, Scenic Beauty as You Travel the Historic



This map and trip guide is designed to guide motorists along the colorful historic Southern Route between El Paso and San Diego. Many of the points of interest are illustrated. Others are designated by numbers on the map with corresponding numbers in the text matter which briefly describe the point. Other places of interest are noted in the copy.

Make your trip East or West a new and thrilling experience. Follow the Southern Route!

EL PASO—a city whose history is rich with such names as Cabeza de Vaca, Juan de Onate, Rodriguez and Coronado. Location of several well preserved missions of which Ysleta mission is over 200 years old. Fort Bliss is largest cavalry post in the United States. Six minutes from El Paso is Mexico's largest border city, Juarez.

No. 1. WHITE SANDS NATIONAL MONUMENT—almost 500 square miles of dazzling white gypsum, wind-blown into fantastic dune formations, some over 100 feet in height.

LAS CRUCES—about three miles south of here is the town of Mesilla, where is found the "Billy the Kid" Museum, which contains many authentic relics of the famed desperado who roamed the southwestern country.

LORDSBURG—here the road branches. Be sure you stay on U. S. 80 to Douglas for the low altitude, all-paved, scenic route.

DOUGLAS—social and trading area of one of the largest agricultural areas in the Southwest, the Sulphur Springs Valley. Douglas with her ideal all-year climate, located in the land of sunshine, romance and scenic

wonder, boasts of fine stores, new beautiful hotels, modern apartment houses, comfortable motor courts and, near Douglas, some of the finest Guest Ranches in the West.

Douglas is the gateway to the quaint Mexican city of Agua Prieta. With a population of 2,500, its picturesque shops, history filled streets, its language, traditions and customs. Agua Prieta is one of the most fascinating towns you will see on your trip!

No. 2. CHIRICAHUA NATIONAL MONUMENT—here Nature has fashioned a weird and silent community



through the erosive agency of water and wind. Sometimes called Rhyolite Park or Wonderland of Rocks, this monument is easily reached from Douglas. Words cannot describe this large area of fantastic, highly colored and mysteriously beautiful rock formations.

While in Douglas be sure to see the Douglas Smelters and the COMPANY of MARY NOVITIATE, the only novitiate of the International Institution of the Company of Mary, in the United States. With Douglas as your headquarters be sure to visit:

**GERONIMO MONUMENT
SKELETON CANYON
CAVE CREEK CANYON
CRYSTAL CAVE**

and many other points of interest. Full information service available at the Chamber of Commerce and Mines on G Avenue, in Douglas. Located right on U. S. Highway 80.

BISBEE—one of the really interesting towns in America. Bisbee homes cling to the slopes of two long nar-

row canyons, terraced tier upon tier. Proud to be known as one of the richest copper districts in the United States, Bisbee takes pride, too, in her colorful history. Be sure to see:

SACRAMENTO PIT—located in Bisbee, is one of the largest mines of its kind in the world. More than 20,000,000 tons of copper ore have been taken from this mine.

Other points of interest in Bisbee:

**COCHISE CO. COURT HOUSE
MINER'S MONUMENT
OLD CUSTOMHOUSE
DIVIDE MONUMENT
FORT HUACHUCA**

By all means, when in Bisbee, get a copy of one of the most interesting weekly newspapers published, **BREWERY GULCH GAZETTE**. Information service available at the Chamber of Commerce, in the Copper Queen Hotel.

TOMBSTONE—The town too tough to die. One of the most famous mining towns in the West, at the height of its glory it was a city of equal importance with San Francisco. During the early days of the camp, law and order were practically unknown. Some of the most notorious gun battles of the West were fought in Tombstone—the Earp-Clanton fight at the O. K. CORRAL was one of the most historic.

Steeped in history and legend are such places as:

**SHEEP'S HEAD
CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON
BIRD CAGE THEATER
ORIENTAL BAR
LUCKY CUSS MINE
MILLION DOLLAR STOPE
SCHIEFFLEN MONUMENT**

No. 3. BOOT HILL GRAVEYARD—Burial place of men who died with their boots on. Many of the graves are marked in a way that tells the whole story. Such as:

**JOHN HEATH
taken from
county jail &
LYNCHED**

**By Bisbee Mob
in TOMBSTONE
Feb. 22nd, 1884.**

Scenic and historic markers are to be found along Tombstone's streets.

More detailed information can be obtained at Boot Hill Motel, a modern auto court at the west end of town.

An outstanding attraction is the Rose Tree Inn, location of **LADY BANKSIA**, world's largest rose tree with a colorful history of its own. A lunch or dinner served under the rose arbor, 50x60 feet in area, is one thrill not soon to be forgotten.

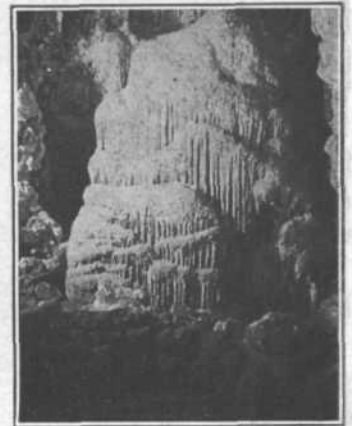
COLOSSAL CAVE and the largest underground cavern in the entire world. Lighted paths lead into an unbelievable fairyland of weird formations. Competent guides explain the cave's mysteries as well as its colorful history as a bandit's hideout.

No. 4. SAGUARO NATIONAL MONUMENT—over 160,000 acres set aside in 1933 by the government in order to preserve the Saguaro, the bloom of which is the state flower of Arizona.

TUCSON—"The Old Pueblo." Around Tucson has revolved much of the history of the frontier and of early Arizona. There is much to see around Tucson:

**GOVERNOR'S CORNER
THE WISHING SHRINE
UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
YAQUI INDIAN VILLAGE**

No. 5. MISSION SAN XAVIER de BAC—Located nine miles south of Tucson, this mission is conceded to be the most beautiful structure in the Southwest. Established in 1700.



and Contrast -- Yours to Enjoy Sunny SOUTHERN ROUTE

• Going West!

CASA GRANDE—located in the latest growing agricultural area in the United States, Casa Grande gets its name from the Casa Grande ruins to the northeast. Modern, progressive, with fine schools and churches, historic as well as picturesque, the people here like to say that Casa Grande is the place where "East meets West and likes it!"

No. 6. CASA GRANDE NATIONAL MONUMENT—a relic of a prehistoric race. Four stories high this building has excited much interest. Considered by many to be the best preserved and most interesting prehistoric structure in Southern Arizona.

GILA BEND—Gateway to the finest winter fishing and hunting grounds in America. Deep sea fishing 140 miles south in Mexico. See: **OLD MARCOS DE NIZA TRAIL VOLCANOS AND CRATERS GILLESPIE DAM**

and many other interesting sights. **PAINTED ROCK MOUNTAINS**—Tall mountains of rock whose sides are covered with pictures of snakes, men, birds and many other animals. Believed to be hieroglyphics of either the Yuma or Maricopa Indians.

No. 7. ORGAN PIPE NATIONAL MONUMENT—This cactus is so named because its branches resemble the pipes of the pipe organ. It grows as much as 20 feet tall and is one of the uncommon species of the cactus family. Easily reached from Gila Bend.



AZTEC—Right from here one goes to AGUA CALIENTE HOT SPRINGS. To the south can be found more Indian writings. Full information can be obtained from H. P. Johnson, at the Aztec Post Office.

YUMA—Arizona's "Gretna Green" where many movie stars come to get married. Center of exceptionally rich irrigated area containing 100,000 acres of Colorado River land.

Yuma's colorful history is reflected in many of her interesting and picturesque buildings. Starting out as a Spanish trading center at the junction of two Spanish trailways, "El Camino del Diablo" and "El Camino de los Padres"

No. 8. IMPERIAL AND LAGUNA DAMS—Both of these dams are of the Indian weir type of construction. Boating and other sports are enjoyed on the lakes that have formed behind the dams.

No. 9. TERRITORIAL PRISON—Historic landmark on main highway in Yuma, where in early territorial days the badman of the territory were incarcerated.

Prominent among other points of interest are:

TERRITORIAL PRISON MUSEUM QUECHAN INDIAN RESERVATION COCOPAH INDIAN RESERVATION LAGUNA DAM GILA PROJECT CONSTRUCTION IMPERIAL DAM FAMOUS PALM CANYON

To the east of Yuma are the rugged Gila Mountains; to the northwest are the Picacho and Chimney ranges. To the south, in the Gulf of California, easily reached from Yuma, can be had some of the finest fishing in the country.

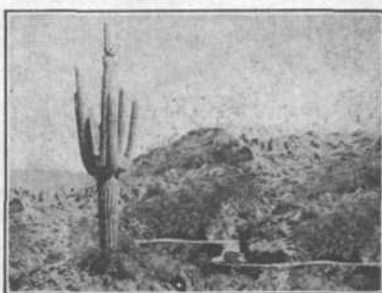
HOLTVILLE—Holtville occupies an enviable position midway between San Diego and Tucson. Holtville enjoys one day trip access to more than 50 points of outstanding scenic, educational and historical interest, including sand dunes, Aztec writings more than 25,000 years old, largest low grade gold ore mine in the world, Salton Sea and innumerable other attractions. Just beyond the Highline canal five miles east of Holtville are 130,000 acres of high

mesa land. Construction of the All-American canal has made irrigation of this fertile area practical, and this area will eventually be open to homesteading.

EL CENTRO—geographically the center of the Southern California desert, El Centro is the logical stop-over for all trips to the desert. Through the centuries El Centro and the Imperial Valley, has been a land of romance and fascination, of wonder and progress.

Using El Centro as a base you can make daily trips to:

YUHA FOSSIL BEDS PETRIFIED FOREST AREA GOLD FIELDS IN EASTERN IMPERIAL COUNTY



The following are of special interest:

No. 10. MEXICALLI in OLD MEXICO—Capital city of Baja California. Home of the Governor and his staff. A city of 15,000 population, with all the atmosphere and charm of Old Mexico. Gateway to Mexico is never closed.

No. 11. ANZA DESERT STATE PARK—Rock strata, brilliantly hued and many varieties of interesting and colorful desert flora are to be found in this painted desert. An easy one day trip from El Centro.

PAINTED GORGE—A deep cleft in Coyote Mountains, the walls and floor of which are marbled in varied colors, revealing the colors of the rainbow. Easily reached via U. S. Highway 80, just a few miles from El Centro.

No. 12. JACUMBA—Population about 400, the first town on the San Diego county side of the line, has a



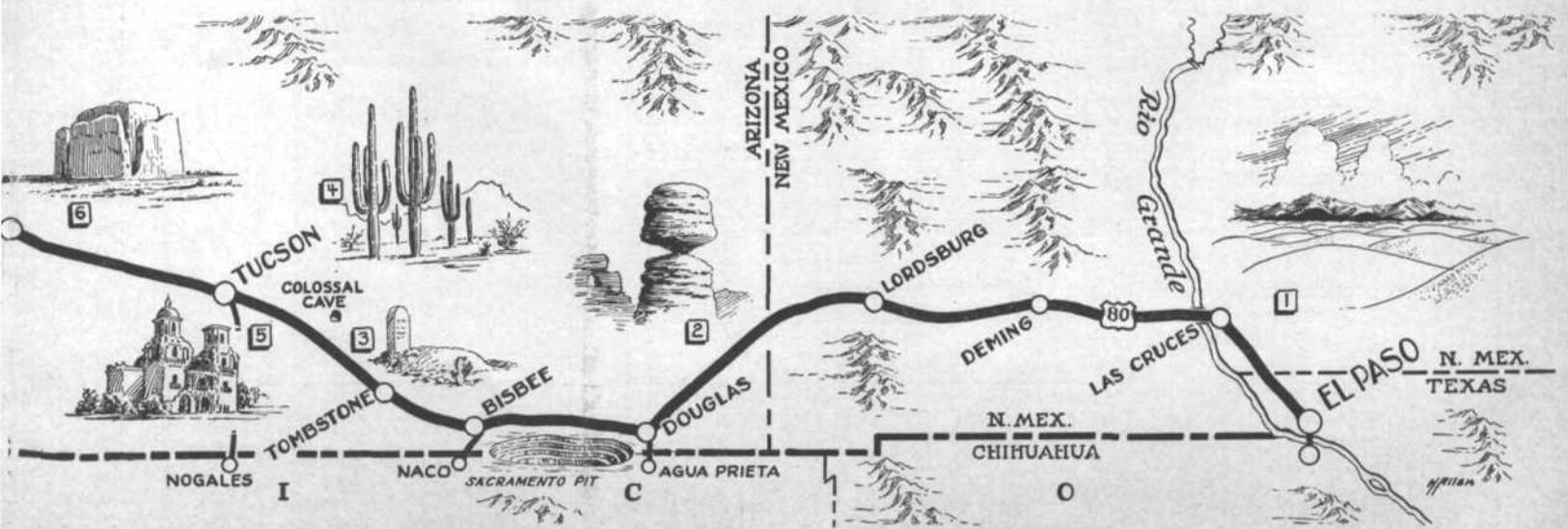
business district and ample tourist accommodations. Baths in mineral water from Jacumba's hot springs are said to have a curative effect for some ailments. A sulphur water spring is also located here.

MOUNTAIN EMPIRE DISTRICT—For the next 40 miles U. S. Highway 80 rolls through a succession of mountain passes, and deep, green valleys, reaching its peak elevation at Laguna Junction.

Indian reservations are located near Manzanita, Campo and Alpine. Present day Indians remember little of ancient customs; ape the white man, and drive rickety automobiles to the nearest store for a loaf of bread. Points of interest in the area include: a feldspar mine and mill at Campo, which produces material for surfacing the nation's glossy bathroom fixtures; Morena Lake; the Eleventh Cavalry cantonment at Campo; gold mines in operation near Pine Valley; the 6220-foot high Laguna recreation area; Cuyamaca Lake, and peaceful Descanso valley.

No. 13. Motorists will find overnight accommodations in rental cabins and cottages at Bankhead Springs, Boulevard, Manzanita, Oak Knoll, Campo, Laguna Junction, Laguna Mountain recreation area, Cuyamaca, Pine Valley, Guatay, Descanso and Alpine. Hotel dining rooms are at Morena Lodge; Pine Valley Cabin; Cuyamaca Lake Resort; Hulburd Grove Guest Ranch, and Descanso Tavern; The Willows, and Ye Alpine Tavern. Saddle horses may be rented at Pine Valley and Hulburd Grove Guest Ranch.

ALPINE—Alpine homes vary from attractive cottages, to pretentious (Continued on next page.)



(Continued from preceding page.)

estates filled with shrubs and flower gardens. Vineyards and orchards of peach, plum and apricot trees dot the landscape.

Coming down from the mountains a widespreading vista of a huge valley checkerboarded with productive ranches and orange groves begins to unroll. Roadside business communities along this stretch are Flinn Springs, with its noted picnic grounds; Johnstown, with restaurants and service station, and Glenview, trading point for surrounding ranches.

EL CAJON—El Cajon is an incorporated city of about 2,000 population, located 16.3 miles from San Diego. The city has excellent accommodations for tourists, and automotive service is expert and reliable.

LA MESA—La Mesa, population about 6,000, is a city of beautiful hillside homes and is the scene of a famous annual flower show. A wonderful view of the surrounding coun-

try may be obtained from nearby Mount Helix, with an automobile road winding up to its summit. Annual Easter services are held at sunrise beneath a huge Cross here.

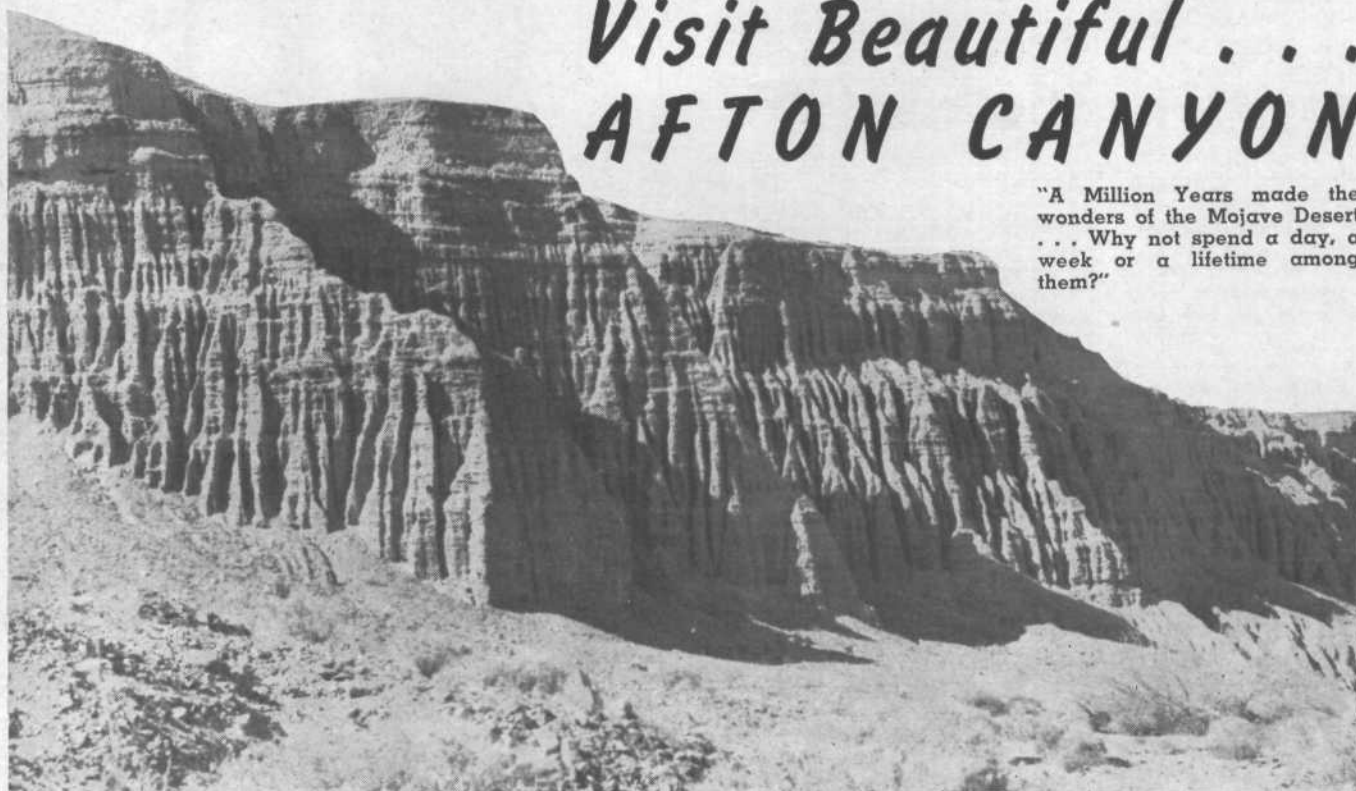
SAN DIEGO—U. S. Highway 80 enters San Diego over El Cajon boulevard, a seven mile stretch teeming with well regulated traffic and business. On the boulevard are located numerous motor courts with rates ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per day. Better class courts have furnishing equal to those of a first class hotel. Good restaurants are located all along the boulevard.

No. 15. All of San Diego's many points of historical and scenic interest can be reached quickly and easily from here. Outstanding points of interest are Old Town, birthplace of the city; the beaches; a harbor from which Navy vessels are continually arriving and departing on mysterious missions; Balboa Park; a world famous zoo, and the gigantic airplane factories engaged in tremendous defense and export production.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

Questions on page 14.

- 1—Saguaro.
- 2—Beaver skins.
- 3—Apache.
- 4—Navajo bridge.
- 5—Salt.
- 6—San Juan.
- 7—1849-50.
- 8—Utah.
- 9—To confine their snakes.
- 10—Goat nut.
- 11—White tail.
- 12—On top of one of three hills.
- 13—Scheelite.
- 14—Nevada.
- 15—James.
- 16—Chin Lee.
- 17—On sandy mesas.
- 18—Little Colorado.
- 19—Piece of bone.
- 20—Lower Colorado river.



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"A Million Years made the wonders of the Mojave Desert . . . Why not spend a day, a week or a lifetime among them?"

Beautiful Afton Canyon is a "Must" . . .

on the list of things in the Mojave Empire that everyone should see. Here is where prehistoric Lake Mojave finally broke through, chiseling a gorge through the vari-colored layers of rock. One of the most spectacular of these works of nature's art are the Palisades whose many pinnacles and ridges are an inspiring sight.

AFTON CANYON IS A ROCKHOUND'S DELIGHT . . .

Geodes, jasper and other semi-precious stones are scattered around in abundance. Afton Canyon, rich in history, a fascinating puzzle in geology and scenically a triumph of nature, is a trip everyone should make.

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A note to the Chamber of Commerce, Barstow, California, will bring free a mapped, illustrated travelogue of this trip. Ask for Trip No. 25.

Center of the Scenic
MOJAVE EMPIRE

BARSTOW

. . . California . . .

When winter comes to the remote desert home of Marshal South and his family on Ghost mountain the chill air brings new problems, and new compensations. This month Marshal tells of the plans for Christmas at Yaquitepec, including the task of securing a Christmas tree in a land where there are neither pine nor fir trees.

Desert Refuge

By MARSHAL SOUTH

THE earth—and the desert—wings on towards the turn of the year. Cold days of storm mixed with days when the sunshine sparkles over Ghost mountain as warmly as in late spring.

There is this great charm to the desert: every season seems to be, of itself, perfect. In the summer when the heat drenches mountain and lowland and weaves fantasies of mirage across the swimming distance we assure ourselves solemnly that now the desert really is at its best. Then come fall and winter. And the storms beat and the house fires roar. And there is crisp joy in the tangy air. And the southern-drifted sun comes up each morning in sunrises that are the most beautiful to be found in all the world—heaving up from a vast couch of mysterious blue velvet and wading knee-deep through all the gold and pearls and rubies and flashing diamonds of ten thousand overturned treasure chests to light the fires of day. Beauty in prodigal measure. And, revelling in it all, we forget. And we declare with equal assurance that undoubtedly fall and winter are the desert's best seasons.

But it is the same old tale in spring. When all the facts are assembled, we have to admit we have been hasty. There are no "best" seasons on the desert; or rather, they are all "best." At least so they seem to us. Which is perhaps to be taken as a confession of a satisfied frame of mind. But then that is the sort of peace and contentment that the desert gives, if only one will live close to its heart.

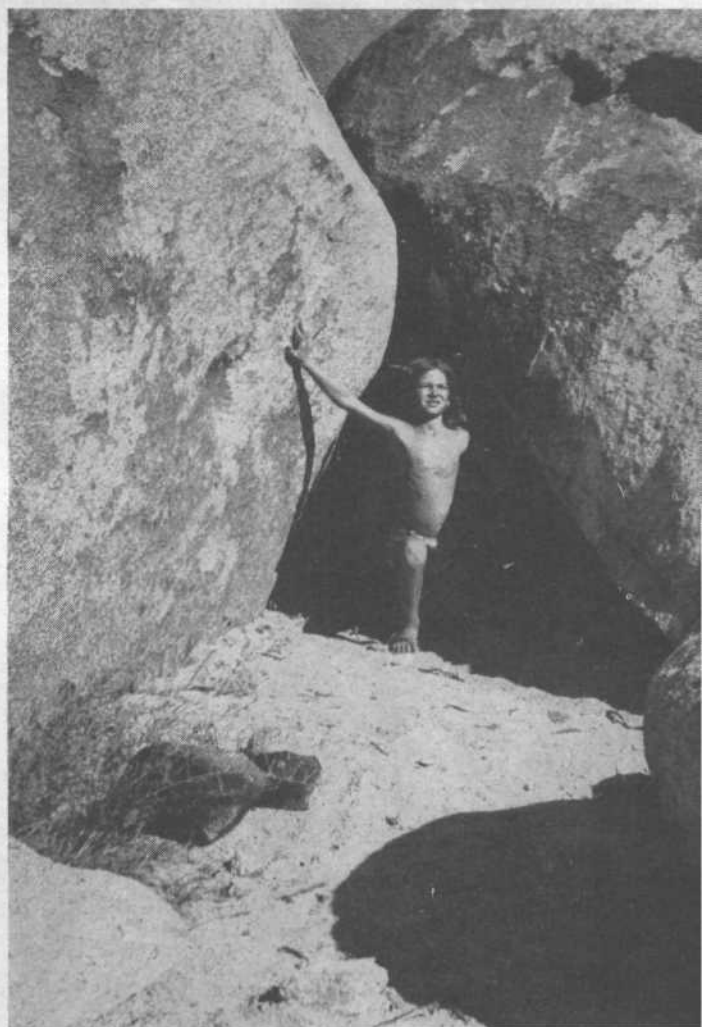
Last night, misled by sky indications, Rider and Rudyard put out pans of water, in the gloating hope that it would freeze. Ice somehow holds a fascination for them. And the winter storms that sometimes mantle Ghost mountain in snow are hailed as supreme holidays. But this time it was a false alarm and the patter of eager bare feet and the clack of the wide-flung door which roused the chill house in the early dawn, gave advance notice only to murmurs of disappointment.

"Huh! Just water! Why didn't it freeze?"

Then a sudden yell: "Daddy! Mother! Quick! Quick! Get up! Come and look at the sea!"

It took several yells—and much frantic urging. For only the enthusiasm of youth finds attraction in leaping from a warm bed to dash forth into a chilly desert dawn. However, protesting excuses and violent threats were alike ineffective. And sleep, with a couple of excited young savages clamoring at the bedside, was out of the question. We got up finally and with Victoria, blanket wrapped and voicing no uncertain protests, tramped out into the cold.

And stood suddenly still, ashamed of our unwillingness. The sight that greeted our sleepy eyes was almost terrifying in its weird magnificence. Grey fog filled the great desert valley below us. High above it we looked out over its tumbled upper surface as over the surface of a stormy sea. This was by no means the first time that we had beheld the mist phantom of the old ocean that long ago rolled in this now dry sea bed. But it was the first time we had seen it in such terrible reality. Ghosts!—you talk of ghosts! Well, here in grim actuality was the ghost of a great sea. And in a sullen, angry mood. Above it, here and



In one of the hills adjacent to Ghost mountain, Rider South found a cave where prehistoric Indian dwellers left pictographs on the walls.

there in the cold morning light, the hard, barren summits of desert mountains projected as the lonely islands they had once been. And against them dashed the spume of grey waves. You could see the smoky spray drifting to leeward, tossing in the wind. Great grey rollers came plunging in and broke upon the rocks; leagues and leagues of heaving water that lunged in silent thunder against the very foot of Ghost mountain.

Down below, at our very feet, was a rocky beach and a weird black blot of shadow that lifted and rolled in the foam in uncanny semblance of the wreck of an ancient ship. Strange shaped. An old thing. The wind was coming out of the east and it was cold. There was a sense of fear in it. One had an uneasy sensation of looking at something that was long dead; of something so far out of the forgotten past that it was frightening. For in spite of all our reasoning, it is sometimes frightening to be brought abruptly face to face with truth. With stark proof of the deathlessness of that substance out of which we and our whole universe are fashioned; proof of the thing which we call immortality. A fact of the universe; so fundamental, so plainly displayed. Yet men go mad, seeking frantically in musty books for the thing that is ever before their eyes.

The naked savage of the deserts and the mountains is closer to the truth than his civilized brother. The savage knows that nothing ever really dies or completely disappears. He knows these things without need of reasoning because he is still close to the source of his being; his feet have not travelled so far along the dubious road of "progress." The savage shows his implicit faith in immortality by such actions as putting out dishes

of food for the spirits of the dead to eat. . . . And for this demonstration of a supreme faith in something we prate about glibly—and mostly *do not* believe in—we dub the savage as depraved and superstitious. And we send missionaries to him—to make him like ourselves.

The sun rose presently and the ghostly sea began to break up. We went inside and started a fire for breakfast. We were all quite silent and thoughtful. Including the youngsters.

Tanya made the Christmas puddings today. They are made early and put away to mellow. Once, tied in the stout cloths in which they were boiled, we used to hang them from a ceiling beam in old fashioned style. Until one year, going blithely to unhook the New Year's day pudding, to make it hot for dinner, we found only a shell. The suspending string was there, and the pudding cloth, and the sturdy shape and semblance of a hearty pudding. But all of the inside was gone. There was a neat round hole in the top of the cloth, near where the string was tied. Some industrious little squirrel had also liked the pudding. Busily, with many trips, while we slept, he had hollowed out the pudding and carried all of it away.

Now we cook our puddings in tin cans, boiling them in a big iron kettle which swings by a chain over a fire of juniper chunks and ancient weather-hardened mescal roots. And we store them away on a shelf in a tightly screened cupboard. Not yet is the whole house rodent-tight. And bright-eyed friendly little marauders come along the beams at night, or perch on the high top of the fireplace, daintily nibbling at crumbs.

Pudding making is an event. Attended by much cheerful chatter, and frequent shrieks of delight. Everyone has to have a stir at the pudding for sentiment's sake. Even Victoria had her turn. Braced firmly on sturdy little legs she clutched the spoon with both hands and lunged determinedly at the batter in the mixing bowl which Tanya held down to her. She wrinkled up her mouth and laughed and got batter on the tip

of her nose. "Such funny customs my family have" Victoria seemed to be reflecting. But she relinquished her batter spoon unwillingly—and only after a bribe of raisins in a cup. Tanya has to watch the raisins. Else there would be none of them in the pudding. The hovering sprites who circle the mixing bowl are nimble fingered and very fond of raisins and citron.

But this event of pudding making serves to bring home to us the fact that another year at Yaquitepec is almost over. Over!—and it seems only yesterday that we were beginning it. So fast the years go! It has been a happy year for us on our desert mountain. So many new friends and so many cheery contacts with old ones. Almost all of these contacts, old and new, have been through the far stretching net of the postal system. But these good friends whom we have never seen are as real to us as though we had wrung their hands and looked into their eyes. The thin lines of the winging letters are very real and very strong bonds of friendship.

If there be a shadow to cloud the bright retrospect of the year it is that many of these good friends have had often to wait long for answers to their letters. But this is something which we cannot help. Our days are crowded with tasks. Sometimes there is scant time for writing. The spirit is more than willing, but the physical flesh is limited as to accomplishment. But perhaps our worry is needless. Friends—especially desert friends—need little explanation or apology. They understand.

Soon now Rider and I will go out across the flanks of Ghost mountain on our annual Christmas tree hunt. Usually it is a long trip, for the Christmas tree is selected with care. It is a tiny one always—a mere branch of desert mountain juniper, in truth. But it must be a symmetrical branch, one that looks like a real little tree. And its cutting must inflict no great injury upon the tree from which it is taken. These Ghost mountain junipers are of slow growth and most of them are very old. A count of the rings on dead ones leaves one a little awed. Not wantonly, even for Christmas, must one of these sturdy living things—fellow sharers with ourselves of the all pervading life of the Great Spirit—be injured.

Rudyard has just called me out to inspect his "mine of pwecious stones." It proves to be a shallow hole which he has dug in the lee of an ancient granite boulder. He has filled the depression carefully with a miscellaneous collection of granite chips, bits of limestone, and lumps of dry clay. "See," he says, swelling with all the pride of the proprietor, "I c'lected them all myself. Pwecious stones! —jus' as good as silver an' diamonds. See, daddy!"

So I complimented him on his industry and left him happily fingering his hoard while I came back to the typewriter.

"Precious stones!"—bits of clay and scraps of granite—"Just as good as silver and diamonds. See, daddy."

And I have seen. And I am thoughtful. Not without cause wrote the ancient writer, in the ancient Book, so long ago:

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings ye shall obtain wisdom."

THE PROSPECTOR

*His hard old face is sour and bleak,
The face of one who's had to seek,
'Mid frowning rock with prying steel,
His substance and his daily weal.
He shrugs at rain or stormy weather,
His days—his years—merge all together
Into one common goal alone,
As he holds up—a bit of stone.*

*His burro waits not far away,
Nibbling a bit of grass or hay,
His old pack shifts; he paces on,
Intent with eyes far-sighted grown,
In eager search—for bits of stone.*

—Tanya South

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THE **Desert** MAGAZINE

636 State Street

El Centro, California

Desert Place Names

Magazine is indebted to the research work done by the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Betty Toulouse of New Mexico, Hugh F. O'Neil of Utah, and Marie Lomas for Nevada.

ARIZONA

● **SHUNGOPOVI**, Hopi Indian reservation, Navajo county. Navajo name means "Houses Strung Out"; Hopi name, "Place of the Reed Spring." Hopi town of 363 pop. located on a projecting point of the southeast projection of second Mesa. Old Shungopovi, whose ruins are on the hills below the present town, rivals Oraibi in age. According to tree ring data it was established in the 14th century. Estimated pop. in 1629, 2000. (Data from Van Valkenburgh's "The Navajo's Country.")

● **CHANDLER**, Maricopa county. Town founded in 1915 by Dr. A. J. Chandler, who with a Mr. Hurd, owned a large tract of land in the county. When, after completion of Roosevelt dam, water was brought further out upon the immense desert flat lying south of Salt river, they located the town, and among other improvements, they erected a hotel costing half a million dollars. Pop. 1378.

CALIFORNIA

● **BAGDAD**, San Bernardino county. Now merely a shell (Pop. 20) of what was once a rip-roaring camp when the War Eagle and Orange Blossom gold mines to the north were active. Name from mine owned by Bagdad Mining and Milling company, of which Chauncey M. Depew was one of the directors. By 1903 the mill was handling 200 tons of ore daily. Mean annual average rainfall is 2.3 inches; in four out of 20 years it has had no rainfall at all.

● **MORENO**, Riverside county. Named for F. E. Brown who owned 1500 acres of land in what was part of San Bernardino county in 1881. He discovered possibilities of a dam in Bear valley, later surveyed the town site of Moreno. Word is Spanish for Brown.

NEVADA

● **PUEBLO GRANDE DE NEVADA**, Clark county. Known as the "Lost City" this pueblo was once the home of a pre-historic Indian tribe thought to have existed between 600 and 1000 A. D. It has been twice buried, once by sand after having been evacuated by its original inhabitants and finally by water impounded by Boulder dam. Excavations made several years ago under the sponsorship of the state of Nevada unearthed this city that had been lost for centuries. A community more than five miles long was discovered. In it were substantial stone and adobe dwellings and rich archaeological objects,

including pottery, beads, baskets and gem stones. Not far from "Lost City" an ancient salt mine was also located. In it was found pottery identical with that from the "Lost City" indicating that it had been operated by the "Early Pueblos," the community's first inhabitants. The rock-writings in the vicinity were utterly unlike any others of the district. Today the artifacts are on exhibit in a museum in Moapa valley and the "Lost City" sleeps at the bottom of the Southwest's newest body of water, Lake Mead.

NEW MEXICO

● **BLACK MESA**, Santa Fe county. Flat topped table-land near San Ildefonso Indian Pueblo. Named from black color, due to its composition of black basalt. Other less common and local names include Sacred Fire mountain because of an altar on its summit, Mesita, or little mesa, and Huerfano, or orphan, because of its isolation from any similar formation. Has played many roles in history of northern N. M. pueblo Indians and is closely connected with their mythology and religion. For historical details, see federal writers' New Mexico State Guide, pages 277-8.

UTAH

● **SALT LAKE**, Catron county, U. S. 60. Both Indian and Spanish names for this lake are equivalents of the English form, so name has been in use for centuries, as proven by the fact that the Zuñi Indians who regard it as one of their sacred lakes, had lived for many years in the pueblo they now occupy, when the Spanish first entered New Mexico in 1540. In recent years a commercial company has been taking salt from the lake but the Zuñis are still allowed what they need for domestic use. At certain times of the year the Zuñi medicine men visit the lake, wading out into the water to plant their prayer plumes.

● **TIMPANOGOS** Cave national monument, theater, camp, Mt. Name, according to Frank Beckwith, means Water Running Over Rocks, from Timpe, Indian word for rock, stone, and Noquint, water running. "It does NOT mean 'sleeping beauty.'" Monument is 250-acre area containing the scenic triple cave, open throughout the year, with guide service. Trail from Aspen Grove to summit of Mt. is route for annual Timpanogos Hike, started in 1912 by Brigham Young university. See federal Utah State Guide, pages 512-519 for detailed data.

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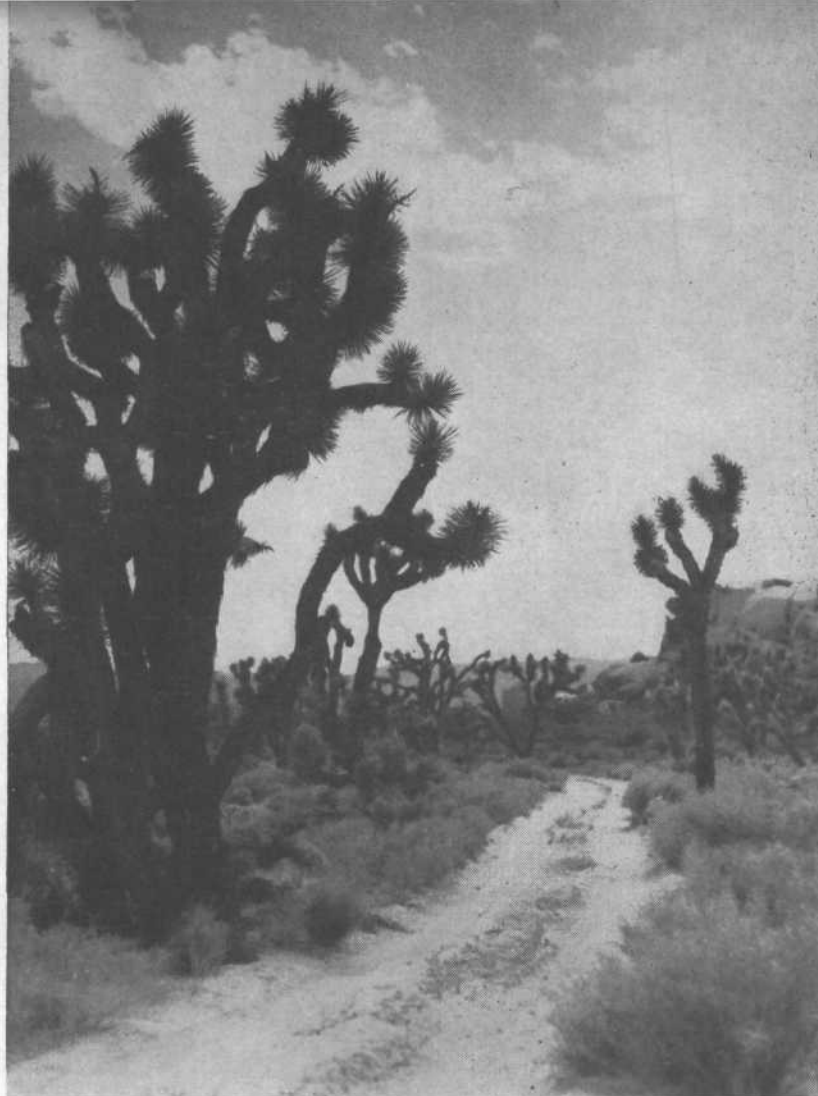
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WINDS THAT BLOW

By JEANIE ROE
Lone Pine, California

Changeable winds, now you're blowing,
Soft as a mother's caress.
Yet last night you howled through the darkness
Like the sounds of a soul in distress.

Now gently you're touching each wild flower,
Kissing each petal's cheek.
Trailing your robes o'er the sand dunes,
Softening each sharpened peak.

Curious winds now you're blowing
Open my most cherished book!
Do you not know it's my diary
Where no one's permitted to look?

Dear gentle winds, I forgive you,
When through my tent house you call,
Touching my face, oh so softly,
Drying the tear drops that fall.

Whispering sweet words of comfort,
That health will return some day.
When again I may stand on the hilltop
Grateful and carefree and gay.

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LEMERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California

'Mid solitude and desert calm,
Grim beauty looms in every season;
And o'er it all there seems to be
Mysterious peace that baffles reason.

CHRISTMAS EVE

By MILDRED GOFF
San Diego, California

Here are the old simplicities.
The desert night is blue and deep.
Here are the stars, the flocks of sheep
Where shepherd lads their vigil keep,
And I am comforted by these.

Tonight, to help my unbelief,
I turn to these familiar things.
Around me is the sound of wings,
I hear the song that Heaven sings,
I have forgotten all my grief.

Here are the old simplicities,
And I am comforted by these.

MOJAVE DESERT

By EMMA PUTNAM BANCROFT
Los Angeles, California

It looks mere empty sand . . . this desert, dry
And brown. A piece of common burlap laid
For miles about would hold as much of shade;
Unending, shifting sands; no telling why

The lure, yet many take the lonely trail;
With phantom caravans across the dunes
Men brave a burning torture of hot noons
To disappear beyond a mystic veil.

Perhaps they know that underneath the sands
Are buried eager seeds of rapturous spring,
Which winds have carried here from fertile
lands

That nature weave of naught a lovely thing;
And on the dunes when April's overhead,
Mojave lies . . . a Persian carpet spread.

Desert Roads

By ETHEL MARY STANDARD
Brown, California

Old Desert roads 'cross a barren dry land,
Twin trails cut deep in the shifting grey sand;
They twist and they turn and they go where
they please,
And detour what they cannot climb over with
ease.

You feel the urge to follow this beckoning trail
Through sagebrush and cacti—for there with-
out fail
Will be something to grip at your innermost
heart
A tumbledown shack, or a miner's old cart.

Or perhaps a quaint cabin, the owners are there
And a kind simple welcome—old-fashioned
and rare
And you know that the words are sincere when
they say
"We're glad that you followed the trail this
way."

As you join in their coffee and bowl of hot
stew
And their pattern of life is unfolded for you,
You sense the real wealth in this humble abode
And you're glad that you turned on that old
desert road.

DESERT HAZARDS

By KATHARINE BUOY
Portland, Oregon

A desert wife was once my lonely lot.
I know the dread that follows the cold sigh
Of frost-winds when they threaten wheat
and rye;
When seeds have reached the dough—the dam-
age wrought
In shriveled grain . . . now flour must needs be
bought
Instead of wheat exchanged at mill; when
dry
Hot winds leave seared green blades to wilt
and die;
When lack of water blights the garden plot.

But still, the dull grey-green of desert sage,
Fringed juniper with berries silver-blue,
A flaming sky above a distant hill,
Are compensations that in part assuage
For drouth and hardships life has brought
us through,
And even deserts may some need fulfill.

SONG OF THE SOURDOUGH

By BETH LEWIS
San Diego, California

Bring me Pedro, that faithful jack
With the stubborn head and sturdy back;
Pick and shovel are in my pack,
My heart is light and free.
Tonight, I follow the starry trail;
I follow the white clouds as they sail
Out to my lonely desert trail.

Long before dawn, I make my camp;
Unsaddle Pedro, the ornery scamp.
My legs are weary after the tramp,
My belly cleaves to my back.
Bacon and flap-jacks in the pan,
Strong black coffee in a can;
Pipe and tobacco; good for a man.
Some grazing for the jack.

Warm in my blanket, against the cold
I sleep to dream of finding gold
In a lode half hidden by leaves and mold,
Near a newly rain made fill.
Heat flares up to a noon-tide high;
Blistering sands, pitiless sky.
But we don't mind, my jack and I;
That lode's just over the hill.

The Desert TRADING POST

Classified advertising in this section costs five cents a word, \$1.00 minimum per issue—actually about 1½ cents per thousand readers.

MISCELLANEOUS

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KARAKUL SHEEP have proven profitable. This fact increases demand. Write for Bulletin No. 10 on their care and habits. James Yoakam, California Karakul Sheep Co., 1128 North Hill Ave., Pasadena, California.

KARAKULS producers of Persian Lamb fur are easy to raise and adapted to the desert which is their native home. For further information write Addis Kelley, 4637 E. 52 Place, Maywood, California.

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EL CENTRO — CALIFORNIA

The Cactus Clan...

Denver Cactus and Succulent society, at its October meeting, elected the following officers: Muriel Colburn, Englewood, president; Harold Hulegard, Denver, vice-president; J. H. Barker, Denver, secretary; Charles D. Hollingsworth, Littleton, treasurer.

Program adopted for 1941-42 included these aims:

1. Members to familiarize themselves with names and types of cacti and succulents.

2. Build library of books, magazines and articles of interest on cacti and succulents so that members will be better able to give information.

3. Make field trips for the purpose of gaining a more complete knowledge of cacti in their natural habitat.

• • •

Arizona's night-blooming cereus (see Desert Magazine, June 1938) was first identified by Dr. George Engelmann, St. Louis Botanical garden, from specimens sent from Chihuahua, Mexico by Dr. Wislizenus and Dr. Gregg, and by Lieut. Emory during his military reconnaissance from Ft. Leavenworth, Missouri to San Diego, California in 1846-7. Since the division of the Cereus group into numerous genera, it has been called *Peniocereus greggii*.

Joseph Gregg, for whom the queen of the desert night was named, was referred to as "Doctor" though actually he was not a doctor but a frontier trader and writer who traveled extensively in Mexico. In 1849 he went to California where the following year he died of hunger and exposure.

• • •

"If the desert were turned upside down it would be pretty much of a jungle," according to Dr. Forrest Shreve in "The Cactus and Its Home." This is due to the characteristic cactus root system. Except in the very tallest plants, roots rarely penetrate deeper than 12 to 18 inches, but spread horizontally sometimes a distance of 30 or 40 feet. This extensive surface system allows the plants to quickly absorb moisture from the sudden short rains of the desert.

• • •

Cacti in general are limited to much smaller areas than are species of other flowering plants. Although there are about 125 genera in the family, only seven are found in both North and South America.

• • •

More than 300 years ago a German botanist, Tabernaemontanus, published a treatise in which he used the name "Cereus" to describe plants which still are included in this important cactus group.

Weather

FROM PHOENIX BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	62.1
Normal for November	59.7
High on November 5	89.0
Low on November 20	32.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	1.26
Normal for November	0.70
Weather—	
Days clear	17
Days partly cloudy	10
Days cloudy	3

E. L. FELTON, in charge

FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	65.2
Normal for November	62.4
High on November 7	91.0
Low on November 22	36.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	0.37
Normal for November	0.29
Weather—	
Days clear	23
Days partly cloudy	6
Days cloudy	1
Sunshine 91 percent (286 hours of sunshine out of possible 314).	

Colorado river—Discharge from Lake Mead increased from 28,000 sec. feet Nov. 1 to 35,000 sec. feet No. 30. Storage during the month dropped from 29,567,000 acre feet to 28,370,000.

JAMES H. GORDON, in charge



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LETTERS

Geography Lesson for the Editor . . .

Bishop, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

By the time my copy of Desert Magazine is forwarded to me in camp here it is pretty well dog-eared from earnest use—and rather late in the publication month.

So, even though I may not be the first to complain, out of loyalty I have to complain about the answer to December Quiz question No. 19.

Maybe you have reference to the San Juan rather than the Little Colorado, but unless my memory fails me the mouth of the Little Colorado is but a few turns of the mother stream from a beautiful view of Hopi

Tower on the South Rim of Grand Canyon. All of which, in the absence of reliable maps, puts the junction away below Lee's ferry.

Continued congratulations to your magazine. It is the most consistently interesting publication of the many that come my way.

J. S. SOUTHWORTH

Winslow, Arizona

Dear Mr. Henderson:

This month, as has become a habit, when the Desert Magazine arrived, I sat down and hunted for the True and False questions.

Having tried for many months to become a Sand Dune Sage, I was happy to see a set of questions which I could answer correctly. Then imagine my sorrow when I answered No. 19 and find, according to answers on page 30, that the Little Colorado river enters the Colorado above Lee's ferry.

Could the editor have been thinking of the San Juan river? The Little Colorado runs northwest from its source as far as Cameron and then continues west and north to run into the Colorado just inside the eastern boundary of the Grand Canyon national park, which is a number of miles south and below Lee's ferry.

W. EWART DAY

TO MESSRS. DAY, SOUTHWORTH and all other Desert Quiz fans, apologies for the incorrect answer to No. 19 in the December issue. There's no alibi. So mark up your score another five points, and pray that Ol' St. Peter will be as merciful as possible to an editor so dumb.

—R.H.

Too Tragic to Publish . . .

San Clemente, California

Dear Sir:

Perhaps if enough protests are sent in, it may discourage Desert Magazine from ever again desecrating your magazine with a "Willie-boy" rehash.

To think that the clean out-of-doors, the story of which should fill your pages, should be polluted by a 1909 tragedy is unpardonable. And this story shows the white man as the real criminal—not the Indian boy who was the victim because of the alcohol given him.

EMMA J. OCHSNER

Shovel vs. Jack . . .

Escondido, California

Dear Randall Henderson:

In answer to Mr. Robert Mack Light's letter in which he says that a jack is more handy than a shovel in getting out of the sand, I'd like to give him a few lessons in the use of the shovel.

About all I ever use a jack for is changing tires. But for getting out of the sand the shovel has an advantage of about 20 to 1. The jack is too much work. I'll string along with you in that argument.

FLOYD RICHARDSON

Use Your Hands for Shovels . . .

Yermo, California

Dear Randall:

In your November Desert Quiz, question 2, I answered "shovel" because I was betting that was your answer. But that is really wrong.

Wherever the sand is soft enough to sink a car it is also soft enough to dig with the hands. It is far more important to have a jack. Many a time I have released a stuck car from the sand with a jack after others had given up with a shovel. In fact I haven't used a shovel on my own stuck car for years except to push sand under the wheels after I have jacked it up—and that can be done easily without a shovel.

I have recently been stuck on the side of a steep hill with the car sideways to the slope. The problem was how to get it turned so as to head downhill. It would have taken several days to dig out enough ground to permit turning. I got it out in a few minutes by jacking up the front axle and pushing the car off the jack sideways down the hill. Just three heats of jacking and pushing and I had the car headed down the slope. Didn't use a shovel at all.

Cronese lake is still well filled with water and the duck hunters are having good sport here. And there are plenty of large fish (bullheads and bass). Also frogs for those who prefer them.

ELMO PROCTOR

Project That Flopped . . .

Berkeley, California

Dear Sir:

Regarding Mr. Ellis' request for information about the exploitation of Joshua trees in Antelope valley, I will relate what I personally know to be true.

In 1887 I came to Antelope valley and lived near Palmdale a number of years. Two or three years before my coming an English company had cut a lot of trees west of Palmdale. The stumps, branches and some trunks were still on the ground.

I learned that a shipload of the trunks had been sent around the Horn, destined for England to be used for paper pulp. As the trunks contain a

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Take time out to play; time out to really REST. This winter come to Yuma, Arizona, and really enjoy the desert! There is much to do, so many things to see, and as for climate—Yuma has no rival anywhere in the United States for ideal winter weather. The coupon below brings you more detailed information. No obligation.

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

great deal of water or sap, it was only natural that it fermented on the way, making it unfit for paper.

Then they started to build a mill at Revena, south of Acton. After installing a rubble-stone foundation they discovered that the stream had little or no water during part of the year, and the project flopped.

HENRY GEDE

More Power to the Souths . . .

Riverside, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Am enclosing a story about your Landmark picture in the December issue. I believe I have stated most of the facts, but it would scare me into fits if I got the prize.

Do you still want copies of February '39 as advertised some time ago. If so I have an extra copy.

Also, I would like to send my congratulations to Marshal South and family on the life they lead on Ghost mountain. If more people took that attitude toward right living there would be less strife and discord in the world.

And tell them to keep the little sign up and if people don't want to comply with it, good riddance. A man's house is his castle, and I say more power to them. Please keep their articles in Desert Magazine.

I think Desert Mag is the best on the market, but there are too many places to go and I can't.

ROBT. HIGDAY

Yes, we want all the copies we can get of February '39, also May and June of the same year. Desert Magazine will pay \$1.00 each for them. —R.H.

Deserves More Readers . . .

San Bernardino, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

After reading Mrs. Mora Brown's little sketch about Frijoles canyon in the November Desert Magazine, I should like to recommend that she—and other interested Desert lovers—read Adolf Bandelier's book, *THE DELIGHT MAKERS*. Published first about 1890, it was a result of eight years spent in studying the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico for the Archaeological Institute of America. Bandelier was one of the pioneer ethnologists and archaeologists of the Southwest.

Not a great many people seem to know this book, and I do not believe it has been printed since 1918. This is a pity, for the book is written with an unconscious tenderness, a delicate quality, strived for by modern authors. However, few people in the latter part of the nineteenth century either cared about or knew about the glamorous Southwest.

In the Preface to the second edition, F. W. Hodge, of the Smithsonian Institute, says: "Because not understood, *The Delight Makers* was not received at first with enthusiastic favor. It seemed unlike the great student to write a book the layman might read with interest . . ." Because of his cultural background, Bandelier was able to give to his book an authenticity unknown to fiction about the West in those days. He himself says: ". . . however scientific works may tell the truth about the Indians, they exercise always a limited influence upon the general public . . ." And so, because of this conviction, he gave a most valuable and entertaining book to a most indifferent generation.

MRS. R. M. MOOSE

We Learned About the Desert . . .

El Segundo, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Two years ago the doctor told my husband he must be quiet and rest awhile. The Company doctor advised us to go out on the desert.

So we bought a trailer house. And if ever anyone had a heavy heart and felt low, it was

me as I thought of those weeks we must spend on a desert.

But before we left my sister gave me some copies of your magazine. She and her husband piloted us to Quail springs in the Joshua Tree national monument, a favorite spot of theirs.

Next day we started looking at the magazines, they were so attractive. From them we learned to truly love and appreciate our surroundings. We found Hidden valley from your map, and took the natives to see it. We explored the Wonderland of Rocks, and appreciated the vegetation much more because we had become acquainted with it through Desert. It was truly a bright spot in our lives.

My husband is back at work again, but we will always visit the desert as often as possible. We have been buying your magazine at the stands, but think it will be more convenient to have it sent to our home. We like everything about it—even the ads, and always the Quiz. We have both won our "Sand Dune Sage" ratings.

MRS. S — — —

Desert as It Really Is . . .

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I want to congratulate you for publishing such a swell magazine so truly symbolic of our great Southwest. I used to live in Arizona and I now find that the Desert Magazine serves to remind me of the land I still love. But your greatest contribution is picturing the West as it really is. Back here in the East many people think the Southwest to be one great plain of desert wasteland dotted with gigantic mountains and incapable of yielding any useful plant life; a place where only the toughest reptiles are able to survive the intense heat. I am glad to say you are disproving these silly beliefs. You are showing the West to be not only a land of health and opportunities but also capable of producing fruits, vegetables and other articles which Easterners are using. Lastly you are giving due credit to the brave pioneers through whom the modern West has emerged. Here's more power to you.

J. S. MURRAY

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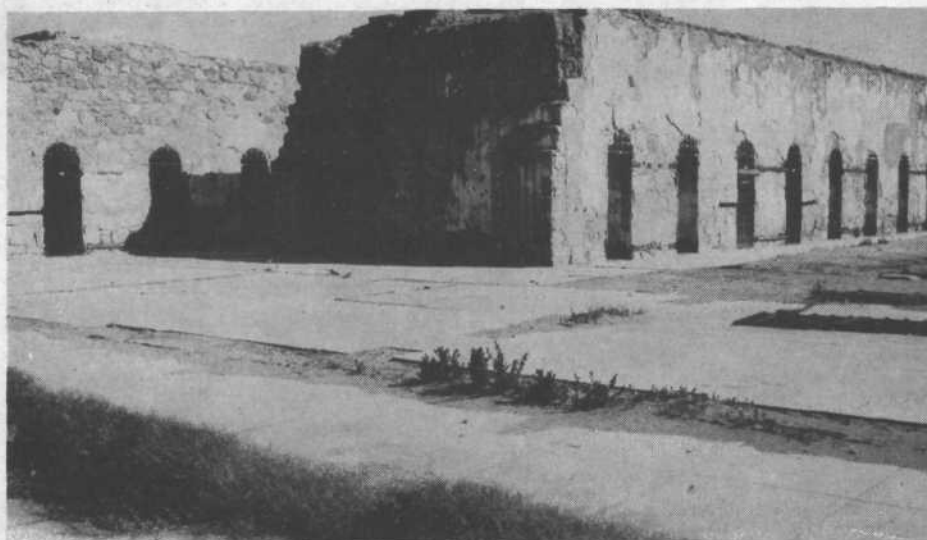
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OLD ARIZONA PRISON

Two prizes were awarded in Desert Magazine's November Landmark Contest. The entries sent in by Sara E. Badgley of Yuma and V. G. Yeager of Gila Bend, Arizona, were both outstanding, and since each of them included information not covered by the other, the judges decided to award two prizes and combine the two stories. The Landmark picture was identified as the old territorial prison at Yuma, now a museum, and the winning manuscripts are published on this page.



By SARA E. BADGLEY, Yuma, Arizona,
and V. G. YEAGER, Gila Bend, Arizona

ARIZONA was once Dona Ana county of New Mexico. It was created "Arizona Territory" by congress in 1863. Many bad men inhabited the West at this time, shooting scrapes and vigilance committees being the order of the day. This caused a general demand for a territorial prison.

The legislature passed a bill in 1868 for construction of a penitentiary, but quarreling over its location prevented any action until in February, 1875, Jose Redondo of Yuma, a member of the legislature persuaded it to authorize building the prison in Yuma.

O. F. Townsend, Wells Fargo agent in Yuma owned a granite hill at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers. He donated ten acres for the prison. The corner stone of the penitentiary was laid on April 28, 1876. Cells were constructed, a stone room ten feet square was blasted out of the rock with a foot square skylight in top and an iron ring cemented in the floor to which unruly prisoners were to be chained in this Rattlesnake den.

Today Prison Hill is an historical shrine dominating the Yuma bridge approach and reached from U. S. Highway 80. Last March the "desert Alcatraz" officially became Territorial Prison Museum, certainly one of the most unique institutions of its kind anywhere.

Financed by a \$25,000 bond issue, prison construction had begun in September, 1875, from plans drawn by a Yuma

engineer for \$150. Thence rose a formidable Bastille that for over 30 years housed as colorful a collection of outlaws as ever laid hand on gun butt—R. G. Apsey of "haunted corral" note; Pearl Hart; the Alvord gang; Frank Armer; Jack Laustenneau; Jack Swilling; Frank Leslie.

Best remembered for the notorious company it kept, Territorial Prison had other distinctions. It claimed one of the earliest electric plants west of Chicago, ventilation system, hospital, workshops, sewer system, farm, recreational facilities, and the best library in the territory.

Earliest board members included David Neahr, William Hardy, Jose Maria Redondo, whose daughter participated in the recent museum dedication, and Capt. Isaac Polhamus, father of Yuma's police chief. When gates opened to a nucleus of seven convicts, George Thurlow took charge, although Sheriff Bill Werninger of Yuma was considered first superintendent.

Escape from Prison Hill, moated on three sides by the river, was rare. Guards constantly patrolled the 18-foot walls. And beyond range of rifle and Gatling gun, expert Indian trackers waited to collect the \$50 bounty for each escapee. In the most spectacular break four convicts were killed and Supt. Tom Gates received near fatal knife wounds.

During the early part of the new century agitation began for a more centrally located penitentiary. A bill was passed in

1907 authorizing removal of the territorial prison to Florence. In September, 1909, Warden Captain Thomas Rynning took the last prisoner to Florence and turned the badge of office over to Robert B. Sims.

The Yuma Union high school building burned about this time and the board of trustees took possession of the vacant penitentiary buildings for use of the school. Three classes graduated within the prison walls.

Final abandonment brought decay. A railroad cut removed part of Prison Hill including a section of Pearl Hart's old cell. The 800-pound alarm bell, cast in San Francisco and shipped to Yuma by water, eventually hung unused in a Somerton church. Before the Veterans of Foreign Wars took over some years ago, the prison had become a hobo "jungle."

A guide now conducts visitors through the crumbling cells and turns the lock of the iron door guarding Rattlesnake Den.

Yuma held opening day for the new museum, located on Prison Hill, in March, 1941, with Clarissa Windsor in charge. Many old territorial articles are on exhibition.

Ten-foot holes were blasted out of the rock in front of the museum, filled with soil and trees planted. Soil was placed around the building and gay flowers now grow where Arizona's bad men once strolled.

GHOST TOWN VILLAGE

A composite picture of those rough and colorful Mother Lode towns that sprung up during the fifties is now to be seen at Knott's Berry Place on Highway No. 39 just out of Buena Park, California. Here Walter Knott, like Henry Ford with Dearborn Village, is recreating with absolute accuracy a picture with the "feel" of the days of old—the days of gold. Here are the old saloons, livery stables, general store, blacksmith shop and many others, even a newspaper office. The Ghost Town News a 32-page magazine gotten out there is chock full of stories and illustrations of the days of old—and true stories of men, women and institutions that are making history today. It's good value for the cost—a dime will bring a copy postpaid if you write Knott's Berry Place, Buena Park, Calif. Admission is free at Ghost Town Village and you will be welcome whether you stop for a chicken dinner or not. The fame of this dinner brings more than fifty thousand persons from all over the land each month. A dinner for a dollar and as one visitor put it—"And a dollar's worth of entertainment free."

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ROCK PINNACLE IN A LAKE

Who can identify this picture?



PRIZE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

Here is a desert landmark, now almost entirely surrounded by water, that might be claimed by either Arizona or Nevada, although one of them probably has a better claim than the other.

Few white men have ever reached this rock pedestal by land—but it is well known to motorboat tourists who have taken excursions on one of the best known lakes in the desert Southwest.

In order that all Desert Magazine readers may know about this huge rock, its name, location, accessibility and other interesting facts, a cash award of \$5.00 will be given to the person who sends in the best descriptive story of not over 500 words. The manuscript should give all available information, including type of rock and approximate dimensions if possible. The prize will be awarded to the most accurate and informative contributor.

Entries should reach the Desert Magazine office not later than January 20, and the winning story will be published in the March number. There is no restriction as to residence of the contestants.

DEATH VALLEY ROADS . . .

The U. S. park service has issued the following report on roads in the Death Valley national monument:

- Ubehebe Crater road, all paved.
- Scotty's Castle road, all paved except three miles.
- Badwater, all paved.
- All roads leading to Wildrose area, good condition.
- All entrance roads, good condition.
- All modern camping facilities are available in the monument.



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C. P. SHERFY

214 Newport Ave. Long Beach, Calif.

Mines and Mining . .

Boulder City, Nevada . . .

A pilot plant constructed here by the U. S. bureau of mines is demonstrating the commercial feasibility of recovering high-purity manganese metal from below-standard domestic ores.

The electrolytic process which is being used, has been going through experimental tests since 1935 and it is believed that the main difficulties have been solved.

The manganese metal produced in the initial pilot plant operation was made from ore from the Three Kids mine in the Las Vegas wash, near Boulder dam. This ore and additional deposits in the adjacent Virgin river area, which bureau engineers have estimated to be millions of tons in extent, represent an important potential source of manganese metal.

Lovelock, Nevada . . .

Nine carloads of dumortierite, used by the Champion Spark Plug company of Detroit, have been shipped from the mines near the base of Humboldt range between Sacramento and Rochester canyons in recent months. Dumortierite is fused with andalusite, a similar material, in the making of porcelain cores for spark plugs.

Pioche, Nevada . . .

The rapid expansion of mining operations in this field is disclosed in the report that 130,570 tons of lead, zinc, silver, copper and tungsten were produced from local mines in 1940. Improvements are being made at a number of properties. Increased production of lead and zinc gives promise that this will become one of the leading sources of these minerals.

Hamilton, Nevada . . .

Old-timers who believe that rich ore bodies are still to be found in the Treasure Hill district where surface deposits produced fortunes 70 years ago, are interested in the plans for the reopening of operations at the Nevada Belmont property by Byron F. Snyder and Arthur A. DeMelik, who are reported to have acquired title. Initial operations are to be at the mine dump where 12,000 tons with an estimated value of \$8.00 in lead and silver are available.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

Goldfield Consolidated Mines company, George Wingfield president, has taken a lease and option on the newly discovered tungsten deposit in northern Washoe county, it is reported here. Exploratory work on the property is now in progress. Claims were staked recently by John Durkin and Thomas and Jack Dalton.

Reno, Nevada . . .

The widespread report that desert dry lake beds are a potential source of high values in gold and mercury is merely another fable according to the opinion of Walter S. Palmer of the Nevada mining laboratory, and Otis A. Kittle of McKay school of mines. After extensive research these two authorities are quoted as concluding that "rare metals are no more concentrated in dry lake detritus than they were in the rocks from which the detritus originally was eroded."

Miners are reported to have discovered a six-inch vein of silver that assays \$700 a ton in Dixie valley, Utah.

Morenci, Arizona . . .

December 15 was the date set for the starting of the first mill unit at the Phelps Dodge copper mine near here. The company is scheduled to begin handling 5,000 tons of ore a day, and gradually step this up to 23,000 tons. Phelps Dodge spent \$35,000,000 uncovering millions of tons of one percent ore for open pit operations.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Operating a lease in the Bottle Creek district, a crew under the direction of Mrs. W. C. McAdoo is reported to be taking out three flasks of quicksilver daily. Some of the mercury ore is said to be so rich it is necessary to mix in low grade rock to treat it successfully.

Tucson, Arizona . . .

Following up a report made by the U. S. geological survey 10 years ago that 10,000,000 tons of iron ore are located on the Apache Indian reservation in Arizona, exploration work is now in progress to determine the quality and accessibility of the ore. Prospecting operations are being financed from a \$380,000 fund voted by congress for exploring iron and coal deposits in the Southwest. Apache Indians will be paid royalties if mining operations are started.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

Indicating the all-out effort being made by the United States government to develop the production of magnesium, a city for 14,000 workmen is being erected on the desert between Las Vegas and Boulder City. New town is now called Midway but movement is on foot to change this to Pittman, honoring Nevada's Senator Key Pittman.

Carlsbad, New Mexico . . .

Union Potash and Chemical company has announced that \$4,000,000 is to be spent on equipment for recovering magnesium concentrate from potash magnesium sulphate, now discarded as a waste by-product. The operations are 17 miles southeast of Carlsbad, and will employ 500 men. The magnesium is to be shipped in liquid form to Austin, Texas, for refining.

Bouse, Arizona . . .

After a shut-down of 11 years, the old Swansea mine started shipping ore during November. Mining is being done at the No. 7 shaft on the 135, 200 and 400 foot levels. Ore is said to run seven to eight percent copper. Between 1910 and 1930 the Swansea group is reported to have yielded 27,000,000 pounds of copper. It has been estimated there are 30,000,000 pounds yet to be mined.

International Smelting and Refining company of Salt Lake City is drill-exploring copper claims near Yerington, Utah. S. C. Rundle of Los Angeles is superintending the operations.

Desert Silver company, which has been operating the Nivloc property, said to be one of the richest silver deposits in Nevada, has acquired title to the mines according to records in Esmeralda county court house.

Federal RFC recently loaned the Vanadium corporation of America \$720,000 to develop extensive vanadium deposits near Monticello, Utah.

HERE AND THERE ... on the Desert

ARIZONA

Indians Reveal Story . . .

EL MORRO NAT'L MONUMENT — No general key to the pictographs found on rocks throughout the Southwest ever has been discovered, but occasionally an isolated drawing is read, though its accuracy can seldom be checked. A Navajo Indian recently deciphered certain markings on the wall of a cliff near here, explaining that there were toe and hand holds leading up the face of the cliff, and that by a hard climb a pool of water could be reached at the top. Using rope ladders, the local curator later climbed the cliff, and discovered a pool of water, thus verifying the interpretation of the Navajo.

Not Charity, But a Job . . .

WINDOW ROCK—Steps towards pastoral cooperation among the Navajo have been taken by U. S. bureau of Indian affairs. Suggestion has been advanced that owners of large flocks lease them to Indians who live where grass is plentiful but who have no sheep of their own. Indians will take their pay in wool and mutton, thus reducing poverty and hardship among the tribesmen.

Reluctant Corpse . . .

PHOENIX—Following are excerpts from a letter received by the superintendent of the Arizona highway patrol, written by a Navajo who was reported killed in a traffic accident near Holbrook: "Yazzie Greymountain is me who is not dead. If I was a dead accident, then I couldn't write you this letter, could I? I am not killed because editor of Republic paper says so. He is telling . . . the wrong truth. I am 100 percent live Navajo Indian."

A Price on Their Heads . . .

WINDOW ROCK—In an effort to rid the reservation of predatory animals, U. S. biological survey has offered to pay \$1.50 for every pair of coyote ears turned in. Navajo, on whose reservation the coyotes are taking such a toll of livestock and poultry, are expected to take advantage of the bounty to considerably cut down the number of predatory beasts.

Desert Gives Ground . . .

YUMA—Cotton yields reaching nearly three bales per acre are reported from farmers working newly reclaimed land in the Gila valleys where developments are being rushed to provide fertile lands to meet the increasing demands of national food and crop production. More than 1,000 acres has been put into cultivation in the last year, and with farm land prices rising steadily that figure is expected to double next year.

WICKENBURG — Henry Wickenburg, for whom this town is named, was honored by Arizonans from throughout the state at a fiesta held here in November during which the Wickenburg monument north of the city was named.

PHOENIX—Arizona has been told that no steel will be available for license plates in 1943, and to plan now to devise some system for using the 1942 plates for two or more years.

WINDOW ROCK—Salary of \$200 per month has been voted by tribal council as

remuneration for the duties and position of Tribal chairman of Navajo.

MIAMI—Six-foot mountain lion weighing 76 pounds was trapped in the Pinal mountains by government trapper Bert Nichols.

NOGALES—Crediting advertising and peaceful internal conditions, civic leaders announce that tourist travel into Mexico has nearly doubled over last year.

YUMA—The Wellton-Tinajas Altas road is in good condition after being "bladed" by the county Highway department.

KINGMAN—Estimates show that 38,000 more persons have travelled east on U. S. Highway 66 in the first 10 months of 1941 than in the entire year of 1940.

MIAMI—With the objective of seeing that many Gila county scenic and historical spots are properly marked, interested persons have organized a Landmark Club here.

CALIFORNIA

Was Good Samaritan . . .

BARSTOW—Mayor of Cave Springs and good samaritan of the desert, Adrian Egbert has gone to join Shorty Harris and other prospectors wherever they gather together to sling yarns in the other world. Egbert is best known for his line of water bottles which he placed and kept filled along the road from Barstow to Cave Springs, a dry and desolate stretch of desert country. His death climaxed a 40-year career of mining and prospecting in the Death Valley region. (See DM, Nov. '39.)

Merely a Question of Definitions . . .

INDEPENDENCE — Dr. Wladimir Gorczynski, California climate authority, says that California and Arizona have no deserts, but rather cactus-covered steppes. True deserts are composed of sand dunes with little or no vegetation, like the Sahara.

New Institute Head . . .

PALM SPRINGS—Loss of Desert Museum Director Lloyd Mason Smith to the army is regretted by local supporters of the institute, but Sam D. Hinton, newly appointed to fill the post, will carry on the duties of developing and enlarging the museum. Included on the new advisory board are Edmund C. Jaeger, wild-flower authority, and Dr. E. M. Harvey, botanist of Pomona.

Desert Gets Naval Base . . .

DATE PALM BEACH—Mooring buoys, first development of the projected naval base on Salton sea, were placed here late in November, in anticipation of the landing of several naval sea-planes. Warehouse for supplies and short-wave radio station will be added soon to make this a full-fledged sea-plane base. Added reason for establishing base here is to provide a landing place for Pacific Clippers when coastal ports are fog-bound.

Fair News . . .

INDIO—New class for non-commercial date growers to compete in at Riverside county fair has been added to the premium list. This class is open only to entries which are produced, packed and placed by the in-

Desert Lodge RANCHO BORREGO



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SWIMMING POOL

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dividual grower, and gives date men opportunity to compete in a class in which commercial growers are barred.

Seismic Movements Foreseen . . .

NILAND—Method for predicting earthquakes from peculiar eruptions of Mullet island mud-pots is being studied by Walter Davis of Mullet island. Davis stated that the mud-pots acted oddly before the recent Los Angeles quakes, and believes there is some connection between the two.

Salt Harvest . . .

CALIPATRIA—Imperial Salt company announces that a good grade of coarse salt is being harvested this winter from the Salton sea. New equipment plus a mild summer combine to make this year a record harvest.

Civic Bodies Cooperate . . .

CALEXICO—Surfacing of the last unpaved link of the Four-States highway stretching from Canada to Mexico was advocated and a move launched in that direction at a meeting of Imperial county allied chambers of commerce and board of trade held here in the middle of November. Another action taken by the two groups as evidence of their cooperation was the voting of \$115 to go towards the expense of publishing a program for the Desert Cavalcade, annual fiesta of Imperial Valley held at Calxico.

From the Other World . . .

BLYTHER—Suggestive of Yogaism and black magic is the conclusion of Dick Reaves, mining engineer, that dead rattlers can still

kill a man. For 15 years Reaves has studied the possibility that yellow jacket wasps which frequent the 11 western states feed upon dead rattlers, can absorb the poison from the reptile, and inject it into a human when stinging him, while remaining immune to the poison itself. He is now convinced that this can and does happen.

Coyotes on Decrease . . .

CALIPATRIA—Lester Reed, one of three professional trappers working in Imperial county, states that coyotes have been thinned out in this area, and has seen fewer of the predatory animals so far this year than at any time since he has been employed down here by the predatory animal division of the department of interior.

EL CENTRO—Imperial Valley's flax-seed crop topped all previous records in 1941. Newer planting methods are credited.

PALM SPRINGS—Fifteen bighorn sheep were reportedly seen near the Palms-to-Pines highway by a group of Boy Scouts recently.

INDIO—Report on advisability of including Dos Palmas region in All-American canal project was submitted to Coachella water district for study in November.

FURNACE CREEK—Local golf club opened its new season November 2 with an open tournament of Death Valley enthusiasts.

NEVADA

State Aids OPM . . .

CARSON CITY—Plans for collecting 1941 license plates when new ones are distributed are being worked out by the various Nevada county assessors in answer to request by office of production management to conserve all possible scrap steel. State Motor Vehicle Commissioner Malcolm McEachin is studying plans of various other states to use the same plates for 1942 and 1943. Most likely system is the one adopted by California of attaching renewal tags to the 1942 plate at its expiration.

"Heavy Money" Stays West . . .

WINNEMUCCA—Biggest shipment of change ever made to the east from the mint at San Francisco was made in November. Coins ranging from pennies to half-dollars, many using Nevada silver, were sent. But the dollars, "cartwheels" the easterners sneeringly call them, were left in the west, particularly in Nevada, where they are most desired and appreciated. Residents of the "Silver State" are proud of their name, and support it in their preference for "cartwheels" over "folding money."

Deer Hunts Man . . .

TONOPAH—Rarely does a story appear of a hand-to-hand encounter with such a shy creature as a deer, but Ed Weigelt, local cook, tells the story and has a painful thigh-wound from the deer's horns to back it up. After being wounded three times, the deer turned on Weigelt and literally chased him up a tree, but not until Ed had broken the stock of his gun over the deer's head. From the tree he reloaded and brought the buck to the ground. It weighed 247 pounds, had a horn-spread of 31 inches.

"Cartwheels" Preferred . . .

CARSON CITY—Reports come from an anti-aircraft range on the Mojave desert in California where a group of Nevada soldiers are stationed that the boys are being paid in silver dollars, just like they are used to at home. Easterners can't understand why the men of the frontier state prefer the bulky coin to paper money, but Nevadans reply

1941 Has Been . . . A YEAR OF PROGRESS

Directors of the Imperial Irrigation District take this opportunity to express to members and patrons of our great cooperative power system, their appreciation for the fine loyalty which has brought hundreds of new users to our lines during the past year.

During the past 12 months we have seen much of our power load shifted from the Brawley diesel plant to the hydro-electrical generators along the All-American canal. An increased volume of electrical energy will be available from the canal power drops during the coming year.

This will mean that Imperial Irrigation District will have electricity to supply not only all the needs of this valley, but for the extension of its lines to other desert communities.

Since this power system is owned entirely by the people of Imperial Valley, and the profits of its operation revert wholly to their benefit, it is to their interest to see that the gains made during 1941 shall be continued and multiplied through 1942.

As every farm and home owner in this area knows, it has been our goal to repay the entire cost of the All-American canal through the sale of electrical energy. The success of this program is possible only through the complete loyalty of the residents of this area.

Imperial Irrigation District



Use Your Own Power—Make it Pay for the All American Canal

that "folding" money is all right only if it can be made into a hard roll and held with rubber bands. "And who ever heard of a soldier having that much paper money?" asked one private.

Muddy River Dam Sought . . .

LAS VEGAS—To protect the seed and seedling plant industry in the Moapa valley, officials of Muddy River Irrigation company met with farm security administration representatives to discuss construction of a dam and reservoir at White Narrows site on the Moapa Indian reservation. Indian office will pay part of the \$155,000 needed for the project if Moapa valley farmers contribute the rest. A loan will be sought under the Case-Wheeler act by the farmers.

Not a Museum Piece, Either . . .

LAS VEGAS—New type of transient hotel has come into existence. Only this "transient" refers not to the patrons but the establishment itself. Purchase of the famous Goodsprings hotel, built during the lead and zinc boom there in 1915-16, has been announced by Fred S. Alward, local attorney, and he plans to move it here to be remodeled and modernized to accommodate the great influx of workers and tourists which will take place during the coming months.

CARSON CITY—Twenty-one thousand persons crowded into the nation's smallest state capitol the last day of October to celebrate Nevada's 77th birthday.

GOLDFIELD—Deer killings for the 1941 season are falling short of last year's record of 1770.

NEW MEXICO

"Kid's" Pardner Passes On . . .

ROSWELL—Crony of Billy the Kid during the infamous Lincoln county war, George W. Coe, pioneer stockman and farmer, died at the age of 85 on November 13. He was aligned with the McSween-Chisum faction during those bloody years of 1876-78 when Lincoln county earned a reputation never to be forgotten. After "The Kid" was killed by Pat Garrett, Governor Lew Wallace gave Coe a pardon and he had lived a law-abiding life since.

Decorations Despite Disputes . . .

MADRID—Preparations for 16th annual Christmas display of lights and decorations for the town are going ahead despite labor difficulties which have resulted in the

subpoenaing of several workers who were building displays for the now-famous pageant. Joe Husler, secretary of the local Employees' Club which sponsors the display, estimates that 100,000 persons will come to see the miracle that is annually wrought in this coal mining town.

Aborigines Had Idea . . .

DEMING—Taking a hint from primitive inhabitants of the Southwest, government officials are planning to construct a processing plant here soon to make twine and packing from yucca fibre which can be obtained in large quantity around here. Indians used yucca fibre for clothing, shoes, bindings. If successful, many of these processing plants will be constructed throughout the Southwest.

State Loyalty Shown . . .

TAOS—Evidence that New Mexicans are interested in their state is seen by the support and interest they have shown in the Tourist bureau's all-color movie, "The Land of Enchantment," depicting scenic attractions and historical sites of the state. Showings have been held in five cities in the past month, and a winter schedule is nearly filled up.

CARLSBAD—Tourists to the Caverns have set a new high for daily, weekly and monthly visitors numbers. One week 16,283 persons were conducted through the underground maze.

LAS CRUCES—Record-breaking production of broom corn and grain sorghum is anticipated by growers throughout the state.

ALBUQUERQUE—To control flood waters of the Rio Grande and Jemez rivers, a \$35,000 construction program has been started by United Pueblos agency here.

SANTA FE—Unemployment figures for October hit an all-time low for the state according to figures released by employment security commission.

ALBUQUERQUE—In keeping with an all-around record-breaking year for the state, wool shipments from here are expected to reach an all-time high of 4,250,000 pounds, worth \$1,360,000.

UTAH

Desert Murder Mystery . . .

ESCALANTE—Charged with murdering a prospector in the lonely wilderness region of southern Utah near Moonlight, two In-

dians have been brought here from Phoenix to await arraignment. The pair confessed the slaying, and guided federal authorities to the grave of the victim. Proceedings are being held up pending more certain identification of the prospector, which is being done by means of dental work.

Attention Pittsburgh! . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Despite unusually cold weather, necessitating increased use of combustibles, the city's new smoke control ordinance reduced smoke density 39.4 percent under last year for the month of October. Engineers of the smoke control division directed their efforts mainly towards railroads and industrial users of combustibles during the first month of their new duties.

State Fur Praised . . .

LOGAN—"Quality in quantity" was the slogan of the first annual all-western fur livestock show held here in November. Judges stated that the finest grades of fox and mink in the country are raised in Utah and Idaho, even though other parts of the country exceed in numbers.

Rains Produce Feed, Trouble . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Long accustomed to combating drought difficulties, state ranchmen are perplexed because of the muddy ranges caused by abnormally high precipitation during early fall months. The heavy rain has produced lush forage for stock, consequently it is fatter and in better general condition than usual. However, ranchers fear that the muddy traveling down from the high summer ranges to the lowlands will take this weight off.

Too Much Water . . .

LOA—Ten times normal rainfall was the record established in this Wayne county town for October. Actual precipitation was 4.37 inches, 1093 percent of normal. This was in keeping with the figures throughout the state, which had the wettest October since records were first kept 51 years ago.

BEAVER—Out-of-state hunters brought \$400,000 in new wealth to the state during the pheasant and deer seasons.

ENTERPRISE—New scenic-sports area has been opened up in the Pine Park section of near-by Dixie national forest, with plans for a recreational park under consideration by the forestry service.



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BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

BIOGRAPHY OF A TRUE WESTERNER

Will C. Barnes was awarded the congressional Medal of Honor in 1881 for "bravery in action with hostile Apache Indians." That was the first important recognition given a man who for 57 years played a leading role as soldier, cattleman, public official and writer on the Arizona-New Mexico desert frontier.

Throughout his life, Barnes kept a careful record of the more exciting and worthwhile incidents in his experience, and in his later years devoted much time to the preparation of his biography. Death came in December, 1936, before it could be published. But his good friend Frank C. Lockwood of the University, with the help of Mrs. Barnes, has given a final editing to the story—and now it has been printed under the title *APACHES & LONGHORNS*, by the Ward Ritchie Press of Los Angeles.

The book is more than an autobiography—it is history, full of source material and informative sidelights on the Apache Indian warfare, and later the feud between cattle and sheep men.

Barnes gives interesting glimpses of Adolf Bandelier, Gifford Pinchot and other outstanding men of his time in the West, many of whom he knew intimately.

APACHES & LONGHORNS is written in swift, terse graphic language—a story of Indians, cowmen, horse thieves, soldiers, sheriffs—a cross section of that period in the West, by a man who lived a rich full life and played an important part in the drama. 210 pages with introduction by Frank C. Lockwood. \$2.50.

—R.H.

STORY OF NATIONAL PARKS WELL TOLD

With emphasis on the inspirational as well as the historical and scientific value of the nation's vast recreational areas, Irving R. Melbo's comprehensive, two-volume edition, *OUR COUNTRY'S NATIONAL PARKS*, is designed for the special interest of American youth and for the American people who are proud of the ten million acres of natural resources set aside for their enjoyment.

Almost 10 years of study, travel and research, the author says, went into the preparation of the book, which was followed by detailed checking and rechecking with the superintendents of the parks for technical accuracy and adequacy. The result is somewhat of a departure from the usual run of National Park books. Not only does it contain information on scen-

ery and natural phenomena but there is much of human interest as well as of trees, rocks, ruins, Indian life, animals and something of the exploration which was necessary before the areas became accessible to the public.

The two-volumes are divided according to related parks. In Vol. I, Part 5, under the heading "Rainbows in the Desert," Grand Canyon, Zion national park and Bryce canyon are grouped together. Other chapters follow the same plan. The story is told briefly and with directness, interspersed with a profusion of photographs.

OUR COUNTRY'S NATIONAL PARKS, as a whole, shows careful planning. It should make effective classroom reading for students and it no doubt will have an equal appeal for all Americans who want to know more about these recreational reserves and the opportunities for moral and spiritual inspiration which they offer. Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Vol. I, 244 pp., \$2. Vol. II, 244 pp., \$2.00.

—Marie Lomas

STORY OF THE 49ers

ANYBODY'S GOLD by Joseph Henry Jackson is an entertaining and thoroughly sound account of California's original gold rush and the stirring events that brought forth the famous mining towns of the Mother Lode country. The second part of the book deals with these same mining towns as they are today and is a fascinating guide for those who would like to visit them either in reality or via the arm-chair route.

Thirty-two sketches and pencil drawings by the late E. H. Suydam, not only illustrate scenes from the story but, in perfect harmony, they also capture the mood and the atmosphere of gold rush and ghost town.

Index. Comprehensive reading list. Map drawings. D. Appleton-Century Co. New York. 468 pp. 1941. \$5.00.

—Marie Lomas

OLD SANTA FE SUPPLIES BACKGROUND FOR NOVEL

DONA LONA is a romance of old Taos and Santa Fe, of the many loves in Dona Lona's exciting life and her rebellion against her times to become a power in Mexican and American politics during the development of the great Southwest.

In a brilliant flash of color, the story opens with the caravans moving north through Mexico to the frontier town of Santa Fe. Lona's thoughts are all for Rodolfo, the Mexican bull-fighter who had whispered the thrilling words of undying love under her griled window only the night before. But Destiny interposes and the fascinating Spanish beauty moves on to the wild, new country ahead to find in Bill Williams, American trapper extraordinary, a true friend and adviser.

Lona's great romance with the American frontiersman, Ewing Young, and the story of her gambling establishment in Taos, follows. The corruption of the Mexican governors precipitates the coming of the American forces and Dona Lona Barcelona cleverly and brilliantly forestalls the erupting of a carefully laid Mexican plot, thus opening the way for the United States troops to effect the capture of the territory.

The realization that Young will never return and her subsequent marriage to Jose Lucero bring to a dramatic ending this historical ro-

mance. It is an entertaining novel and the introduction of such famous characters as General Sam Houston, Kit Carson and others, add satisfying authenticity. Wilfred Funk, New York, 1941, 323 pp. \$2.50.

—Marie Lomas

STORIES OF OLD CALICO RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Between 1881 and 1896 the silver mines at Calico produced more than \$65,000,000 according to estimates contained in a little book recently published by Mr. and Mrs. Larry Coke, who live in the old ghost town.

The booklet, under the simple title *CALICO*, is a collection of stories about the people and incidents of the Calico camp in its boom period. A number of the men and women who lived and worked in the camp during its heyday still are living, and it is from these old-timers that the Cokes have collected much of their information.

Many halftone illustrations of the Calico scene both today and 60 years ago, are included in the paper-bound volume. Printed by Barstow Printer-Review, 35c.

MR. AND MRS. LARRY COKE'S story of . . .

CALICO

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RARE BOOK . . .

Desert Magazine has obtained 5 copies of Lieut. Ives' report of his exploration of the Colorado river in 1857-58. Fair condition for old books, with all maps and lithographs intact. This book, long out of print, is seldom on the market. Mailed postpaid while they last at \$7.50 plus sales tax in California. All books sold by Desert Magazine are returnable if not satisfactory.

DESERT MAGAZINE
El Centro, California

Gems and Minerals

This department of the Desert Magazine is reserved as a clearing house for gem and mineral collectors and their societies. Members of the "rock-hound" fraternity are invited to send in news of their field trips, exhibits, rare finds, or other information which will be of interest to collectors.

—ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor—

'ROCKHOUND RECORD' IS NAME OF NEW PUBLICATION

The six year old Mineralogical society of Arizona, at Phoenix, published in November its first monthly bulletin, the Rockhound Record. The title was suggested by George McKhann, Jr., whose father is secretary of the organization.

The first field trip of the season was a visit to Live Oak shaft and adit of the Miami copper company for chrysocolla specimens (not gem quality); on the return trip the party stopped at a molybdenite locality at the Top of the World, and the Apache tear locality on Pickett post. Prince of Arizona mine was visited November 30.

Luther Stewart spoke to the Phoenix group on the arrangement of a beginner's collection, at the regular November 20 meeting. A. L. Flagg demonstrated preparation of micro mounts. At the November 6 meeting, guest speaker Barney C. Barnes gave an interesting talk on his prospecting experiences. Luther Stewart and H. S. Keithley arranged material loaned by members for display at the Arizona state fair and also at the third annual hobby fair.

FEDERATION DIRECTORS PLAN FOR JUNE SHOW

Member societies of the California Federation of Mineralogical societies have decided to ask the 24 clubs in the federation to levy an additional per capita tax of five cents to help defray the expenses of the parent organization. It has been found that the present 10 cents per member is not enough to operate the federation, and the special assessment is designed to take care of the needs until the delegates can amend the by-laws increasing the individual fee to 15 cents.

At their recent meeting in Huntington hotel, Pasadena, the federation directors made tentative plans for the state convention to be held there next June. It was decided to table the plan for launching a federation magazine temporarily, due to the national crisis which has greatly increased paper and other costs. However, plans are being discussed for a special convention issue.

New rules are under discussion for the annual convention display, designed to keep the federation in the hands of amateurs as largely as possible.

COLORADO COLLECTORS SEEK MEXICAN OPALS

Frank and Grace Morse, "rambling rock-nuts," returned to their home in Bayfield, Colorado, for just long enough to store their collected specimens, purchase a new location and take the trail again for Texas and Old Mexico.

After leaving Oregon the Morses visited George Roper in Sacramento, who, they say, has the best equipped lapidary shop they've ever seen. At Lodi, W. G. Hurl was their host. There they attended the Lodi rockhound picnic where they met some old friends and made new acquaintances.

At Petaluma they viewed Vonsen's \$200,000 collection, and the micro-mount display belonging to Dr. Peoples.

I. Harold Soper guided the couple to various collections in San Francisco and Oakland,

climaxing the trip by a visit to Julius Gisler, a collector par excellence.

Their travels took them to Barstow, Yermo, Las Vegas, Calico, many Southern California towns, El Centro, Phoenix, Globe, and finally home November 24. Five days later they were again on the road, gathering agates, calcite and fossils in Texas, and were last heard from on the way to Old Mexico for opals.

SOURCE OF PEBBLES PUZZLES COLLECTOR

Will L. Grigsby, Box 76, Newport, Oregon, invites theories as to the origin of the wide variety of materials found in Oregon coast gravel beds. If local volcanic outcrops are the source, why are not stones occasionally found in situ? If the gravels came from the north in ice floes on the Japanese current, why do different beaches furnish distinct types? It has

been established geologically that before the uplift of the coast range the Cascades drained directly into the Pacific. But coast gravels differ from the material in the Cascades. Can the source be the submerged continental shelf?

"While the question of source of origin," writes Mr. Grigsby, "is not of great moment, it is a puzzler to the layman, and one that authorities have passed over—yet it is a complex problem."

LAPIDARY GROUP PLANS EXHIBIT IN LOS ANGELES

Leland Quick, president of Los Angeles lapidary society, states that the group will hold its second annual exhibit at the Los Angeles swimming stadium building, Exposition park, Los Angeles, March 21 and 22, 1942. Last year's show was successful beyond the dreams of club members. Over 6,000 persons attended the two-day exhibit. The March show promises to outshine the 1941 effort.

RARE MINERAL FOUND BY OLANCHA COLLECTOR

Specimens from an unusual mineral deposit located by C. C. King of Kamp Dunsmuir at Olancha, California, have been identified by the U. S. geological survey as coronadoite, an oxide of manganese and lead.

According to Julian D. Sears, administrative geologist at Washington, this is the first reported occurrence in California, with only two or three known localities elsewhere.

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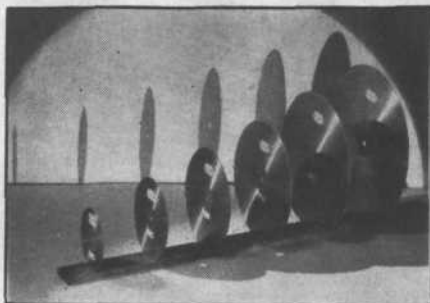
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AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

Paul Mercer, Boulder City, Nevada, states that a new rock collectors' club, to be known as "Southern Nevada mineral society," is in process of organization. Semi-monthly meetings will be held, alternating between Las Vegas and Boulder City. Anyone living in southern Nevada or adjacent districts of Arizona, who may be interested, is invited to call or write to Paul Mercer, 624 Avenue D, Boulder City, Nevada.

W. Scott Lewis discussed geology and minerals of Mammoth Lake region at the November 13 meeting of Los Angeles mineralogical society. Member O. C. Smith also gave a short talk on a mineralogical vacation in Arizona. November field trip took the group to Twenty-nine Palms area for chalcedony and carnelian.

New Jersey mineralogical society, Plainfield, New Jersey, issues a yearly program schedule for all meetings from September to June. Martin L. Ehrmann, of New York, lectured on jade at the November session; he also gave a short account of the Calvert collection. A special meeting was called for November 13 at Geology hall, Queens campus, Rutgers university, New Brunswick, New Jersey, to hear a talk by R. H. Lee, of New York, on "mineralogy and the blow pipe art." The Plainfield group is making a special effort to interest and enroll members of the younger generation.

H. A. Scott, professor of geology at Santa Ana junior college, California, spoke on the carving of miniatures in gem minerals at the December second meeting of West Coast mineral society, Fullerton, California. He showed many specimens from his private collection, which is one of the best of the type in the country.

San Diego mineralogical society reports the election of the following officers: G. D. (Jack) Martin, president; C. A. Scott, vice-president; Winifred Balcom, secretary; B. B. Hoff, treasurer. The group meets every second Friday, in the Natural History museum, Balboa park. At the November meeting, R. W. Ferrill, of Ferrill paint company, San Diego, explained the use of minerals in paints.

Long Beach mineralogical society enjoyed one of its ever popular potluck suppers, November 14. The field trip to Acton and Lang areas yielded jasper, agate, coemanite, green moss agate, chalcedony geodes and a carnelian "discovery."

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Imperial Valley gem and mineral society issues distinctive car stickers to members when dues are paid. These serve to identify their cars in traffic, when field trip routes are over crowded highways.

December meeting of Santa Monica gemological society was a Christmas dinner party. November field trip, open to members only, was for sagenite.

Pacific mineral society bulletin appears with a striking new heading in black and white, carrying the name of the society and a pictured cluster of quartz crystals.

Dr. Frederick C. Leonard, chairman of department of astronomy at U.C.L.A. was speaker at November 14 meeting of Pacific mineral society on the subject of meteorites. Member R. H. Milligan reported the results of his investigations on strategic minerals. The regular door prize was augmented by a beautiful specimen of bornite given by Hugh A. Matier, October speaker. The November field trip visited Jensen quarry, Riverside county, California, for wollastonite, scapolite, spinel and garnets.

Orange belt mineral society elects a program chairman as a regular officer. Kenneth B. Garner, secretary of the state federation, is the present incumbent.

S. M. Wheeler has resigned as curator of the Nevada museum and art institute and accepted a position with the state highway department, Carson City, Nevada.

Howard L. Fletcher of Redlands served as field trip chairman for Orange Belt mineral society November 16 on a trek to Yuha Basin in Imperial county, California, for sand spikes and fossils. Members of Imperial Valley gem and mineral society joined the group in El Centro and led them to the Mt. Signal district. Lloyd Richardson, president of the Imperial Valley society, acted as scout and guide.

Wendell O. Stewart presented a most interesting discussion on mines and mineralogy of Old Mexico at the November meeting of Orange Belt mineral society.

Will L. Grigsby of the Newport agate society, Newport, Oregon, was the first to respond to the request of Imperial Valley gem and mineral society for trade grabs. He sent a box of Oregon beach stones. Sequoia mineral society also sent 100 choice cutting specimens.

H. A. Coppock, principal of Inyo-Kern school and secretary of Indian Wells chamber of commerce, was guest speaker at the November 5 meeting of Searles Lake gem and mineral society. The club observed its annual Death Valley field trip November 16-17. Several members of West Coast mineral society of Fullerton, California, also participated.

Searles Lake mineral news, Trona, California, has a cut of a hanksite crystal in the heading. As far as known, hanksite is found only in the Searles Lake region.

Henri Withington and Frank Darrow report that the famous epsom salt mine in Death Valley shows no signs of having been operated for many years. The magnesium sulphate is disseminated through a clay-like formation. The surrounding hills glisten with gypsum. Digging produces epsomite and selenite crystals. Roads into the district are not recommended for low clearance cars.

Fred Bitgood resigned as president of Orange Belt mineral society. He has moved to Las Vegas, Nevada, where he is in charge of the construction of a large refractory furnace. Fred and his family motored to Imperial Valley to join the Orange Belt group on the November 16 field trip.

Each member present at the November meeting of Golden Empire mineral society presented a five minute talk on an assigned subject.

Officers of Southwest Mineralogists for 1942 are: John Akers, president; Jeanne Lippit, vice-president; Herbert Collins, recording secretary; Dorothy Akers, corresponding secretary; Frank Stillwell, treasurer. Joseph Barbieri entertained the society in October with an illustrated lecture on the making of arrowheads. David B. Scott spoke at the November meeting on borax and borax minerals.

Santa Barbara museum has added three new cases for the display of strategic minerals.

Several arrowheads have been found in various parts of Imperial Valley during the past few months. Mrs. McCune of La Mesa, California, found one complete point and two broken ones in Borrego state park. One point came from near the Colorado river, and five others from the little hills north of Sidewinder service station. The material used by the Indians in making these arrowheads was quartz, jasper, agate and obsidian. It would be interesting to know if others have been found recently in the same region.

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Santa Maria, California, Rock and Mineral society recently named the following officers for the coming year: E. F. Edwards, reelected president; John Weldon, vice-president; June Clevenger, secretary-treasurer.

One of the most sparkling mineral society publications that comes to Desert Magazine is the Sequoia Bulletin, Virginia Breed, editor and Hazel Goff, associate editor. Recording the news of the Sequoia, California, mineral society, the latest issue tells of field trips November 9 to look for fossil leaves at Soda Creek and on December 7 to the shark tooth region in Kern county.

When members of the Sequoia mineral society recently discovered several cans of dog food in the grub box of Chris Anderson while on a field trip, he explained that he had brought it along for the "rock hounds."

Kern county mineral society's publication "Pseudomorph" wears a new heading, a picture of wollastonite pseudomorph after garnet, from Kern county, California. C. D. Woodhouse of Santa Barbara, California, president of California federation of mineralogical societies, was guest speaker for November. Kern county board of supervisors approved the project for a mineral display cabinet to be placed on the first floor of the county court house. This cabinet will be used for display of collections belonging to members of the Kern county society.

Richard Liddicoat, M. A., director of research and education of the gemological institute of America, recently addressed the Santa Monica gemological society on "Rare gems of the world." He stated that out of approximately one thousand minerals only about 90 are used as gems. Liddicoat described the work of the gemological institute in training jewelers to test and accurately identify stones. When jewelers first join the organization, they are called "registered jewelers"; after completing their studies and passing rigid examinations 100 percent, they become "gemologists."

Eliza de Luce, Castle Dome mine, Arizona, has some interesting and unusual rock which she calls "owl eye porphyry." It seems to be a hardened, pinkish clay, containing sections of crinoid stems. It takes a good polish. Similar material, jasperized, has been found in the Sidewinder field. Arthur Haack, of the same group of mines, has gathered together at his cabin some fine lead and silver specimens. Large cubes of galena, galena with fluorite, anglesite, cerussite, beautiful clusters of purple fluorite cubes, geodes, are only a few samples of his fine collection.

Paul and Bessie Walker, Calimesa, California, have just launched "Tradewinds," a miniature, semi-monthly hobby newspaper. Besides a leading article and numerous ads, each issue contains informative items of interest to hobbyists.

L. A. Pritchard, 325 South Second street, Las Vegas, Nevada, is showing great originality in developing an entirely new type of mount for uncut gem stones. Each mounting is original, to fit the particular stone. Pritchard developed the mounting of uncut stones distinctly as a hobby, but unexpected popularity is forcing him to take it up commercially.

A second report has come in of aquamarine beryl crystals found in lower Carrizo gorge. The latest prize is a crystal weighing about 30 carats. It is not high quality gem material, as the transparency is poor. The crystal shape is good and the blue-green color excellent.

GIFTS FOR THE ROCK HOUNDS

Make the rockhounds in your home happier this Xmas with a good textbook to help identify specimens and add to the pleasure of collecting.

Here is a selected list of books for both the amateur and advanced student.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH MINERALS, G. L. English. Fine introduction to mineralogy. 258 illustrations, 324 pages \$2.50

LEGENDS OF GEMS, H. L. Thomson. Elementary principles of gems and gem-cutting. 136 pages \$1.15

HANDBOOK FOR THE AMATEUR LAPIDARY, J. H. Howard. One of the best guides for the beginner gemcutter. 140 pages. Good illustration \$2.00

QUARTZ FAMILY MINERALS, Dake, etc. New and authoritative handbook for the mineral collector. Illustrated. 304 pages \$2.50

MINERAL IDENTIFICATION SIMPLIFIED, O. C. Smith. Complete table of all known minerals with simple methods of testing for identification. Gives specific gravity, hardness, color, streak, luster, cleavage and composition. Index. 271 pages \$3.50

DESCRIPTIVE LIST of the New Minerals 1892 to 1938, by G. L. English. For advanced collectors. 258 pages \$2.50

FIELD BOOK OF COMMON ROCKS AND MINERALS, by Frederic Brewster Loomis. Fine handbook for collectors. Beautifully illustrated. Includes 67 colored plates for identifying gem crystals. \$3.50

HANDBOOK FOR PROSPECTORS, M. W. Bernerwitz. Complete guide covering mining law, methods, occurrence and identification of minerals. Illustrated. 362 pages and index \$3.00

JEWELRY, GEM CUTTING AND METALCRAFT, William T. Baxter. A handbook for the craftsman, designed for the amateur in jewelry-making, metalcraft and gem-stone cutting. Illustrates and describes methods and tools \$2.50

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El Centro, California

Messrs. Chapman and Calvert of the Mineralogical society of Southern California, left November 29 for Guanato and other parts of central Mexico on a mineral collecting expedition.

The mineral show arranged by Inyo-Kern, California, in November brought out a wide variety of displays. Following prizes were awarded: Gae Chenard for non-metallics, Kent Knowlton for metallics, Trona Gem and Mineral society for society exhibit, Don Clare for local metallics within a radius of 50 miles, Charles King for local non-metallics within a radius of 50 miles, Salsilco for industrial exhibit, and Valeria Pipkin for a juvenile exhibit by a youth under 16 years of age. The show was sponsored by the Indian Wells chamber of commerce aided by Trona Gem and Mineral society. Discovery Stone of the Golden Queen and a location map with a case of local minerals by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were special features.

The November mineral show held by San Fernando valley, California, mineral society brought out 25 fine displays of rough and cut stones, including a colorful showing of fluorescent stones. The November field trip of the San Fernando society was in the Acton area.

Mineralogical society of Southern California went to Tick canyon in November to search for Howlite and other minerals.

In quartz crystal lined geodes found in Black mountains near Blythe, California, have been discovered many loose, hairlike crystals of rutile (titanium dioxide) of a golden brown color.

Fine barite (barium sulphate) has been found in many parts of Imperial county, California, and Yuma county, Arizona, but none finer than the few scattered specimens found in the district west of Palo Verde. Most of these are small groups of white or yellowish white bladed crystals of best quality. The district around travertine rocks produces snow white specimens of massive "heavy spar."

Among recent but very eager converts to the rockhound fraternity are rancher Haslam and family of Palo Verde, California. Herding cattle offers magnificent opportunity for searching the surrounding mesas for rocks and Indian relics. Sharp eyes, long trained to the great outdoors, have added a new zest to living.

The only commercial production of cinnabar in Kern county, California, is the Cuddeback mine one half mile north of the main Tehachapi pass highway, and three miles from Keene post office; a less important locality is about one and one half miles east of the Cuddeback property. Both yield low grade ore.



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FEDERATION BUREAU PROVIDES SPEAKERS

The California Federation, through its Monthly Mineral Notes, announces that the following speakers have volunteered to lecture at club programs, the only cost being reimbursement for expenses, including travel and hotel bills:

Dr. M. J. Groesbeck, Porterville, California. Subject: "Geology of Mono Lake Area," "Geology and Minerals of Pyramid Lake" and others.

John Akers, 1210 No. Rose, Compton, California. "Geology of Zion, Bryce, and Grand Canyons," "Desert Wild Flowers;" both are illustrated by slides.

Phil Orr, Santa Barbara museum, Santa Barbara, California. "Caves," "Use of Minerals by Indians," "Fossils." Illustrated by lantern slides.

Ernest W. Chapman, 1934 Mill Road, So. Pasadena, California. Subject: "Franklin Furnace Mineralized Area," "Famous Mineral Localities," "Meteors."

Mineral Notes hopes to increase this list by adding other volunteers. Please report.

OPEN SEASON NEEDED ON HAMMER HOUNDS

Hundreds of large quartz lined geodes have been broken and destroyed beyond possible use by "hammer hounds" recently in the northeastern sector of Imperial county, California. Traces of camp sites show that these hammer hounds have camped many times at different spots and plied their trade diligently. It seems evident that they are searching for agate geodes as cutting material and have no consideration for the humble collector who can be vastly pleased by these beautiful creations of nature. The great majority of reputable gem and mineral collectors condemn this merciless destruction of nature's beautiful gifts.

DUMORTIERITE FOUND IN TWO VARIETIES

Several distinct classes and grades of dumortierite are known to mineralogists and collectors of Southern California. Near Ogilby and Glamis in Imperial county, are found varieties in many shades of blue and dark purple. This material is hard and granular, and some shades make fine cabochons. It is sometimes sold as false lapis lazuli.

Another, and very distinct variety of dumortierite, is to be found between Alpine and Dehesa, in San Diego county. This variety is not granular and can only be used as specimens. It occurs in fibrous, asbestos like material, whose brilliant lilac color is an attractive addition to any cabinet.

Cogitations . . .

Of a Rockhound

By LOUISE EATON

• Didja ever note how lovinly an' lingerin' rockhouns licks good specimens? It may not be a delectable an' sanitary habit, but they all duz it.

• Fokes iz usually sort uv gamblers an' treasure hunters in their hearts. Probably that's what makes so many rockhouns. Diggin' out geodes an' pickin' up agates etc. certainly is treasure huntin', fr mostly they's far afield and somewhat inaccessible. An' nothin' mutch is a bigger gamble than sawin' a geode that may be a dud, but likewise might contain amethyst crystals or sagenite.

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Besides that, the saw cut 1600 sq. inches of hard blue agate and agatized wood. A lot of this was badly fractured which soon eats a saw up. All together that makes 2600 sq. inches for your saw. The saw will still cut small pieces, but will bind in large pieces. Please send another saw.

Respectfully,
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C. H. SMITH



By RANDALL HENDERSON

GREETINGS this month to many hundreds of new readers who will receive this number of *Desert Magazine* as the gift of some thoughtful friend. We hope you will enjoy going along the desert trails with us the coming year.

For your information, *Desert* is a friendly informal sort of magazine—written for folks who like to spend a few hours each month far away from the problems and the petty annoyances of this thing we call civilization.

On the theory that most of the troubles in this world are man-made, we strive to make this a guide book to a world where Nature still rules supreme. We believe that for those who come to the desert with friendliness it gives friendship; to those who come with courage, it gives new strength of character. Those seeking relaxation find release from the mad merry-go-round of business and social pursuits. For those seeking beauty, the desert offers Nature's rarest artistry. This is the desert that men and women learn to love.

Since it is not practicable for everyone to come to the desert—we seek through pictures and text to take the beauty and peace and strength of this desert land into your home. This is a magazine for people with alert and thoughtful minds, to whom the fine art of living is more important than the acquiring of monetary wealth.

We want *Desert* to be a welcome visitor in your home every month.

* * *

According to Dr. Wladimir Gorczynski of the Scripps institution at La Jolla, southern Arizona and southeastern California are not deserts at all—merely "cactus-covered steppes."

I'll not quarrel with the eminent scientist. It merely is a question of definitions. The first Americans who explored this part of the New World chose to call it a desert—and that is the word we have been using ever since. Whatever the correct name may be, it is a most fascinating region for those who have the time and inclination to take the winding trails that lead off toward the purple horizon, into mountains and canyons and valleys that remain just as Nature created them.

* * *

Folks who are planning camping trips on the desert this winter should bring plenty of water-proofing for their camp outfits. We seem to be passing through one of those wet cycles. The clouds that normally drop their moisture on the coastal side of the range have been breaking over with surprising regularity this season.

My old desert friend T. D. McCall blames the war. The discharge of all those explosives in the atmosphere—even on the other side of the earth—he declares, is causing a stratospheric disturbance that affects the entire globe.

I cannot vouch for that theory, but whatever the cause, the excessive rainfall has been both an asset and a liability. Dry

farmers and cattlemen have reaped a benefit. The date growers lost a considerable part of their crop. Maturing dates will not stand much moisture.

The desert generally is more verdant and colorful than usual at this time of the year. Unless freezing weather interferes, there will be many flowers on the mesas and in the arroyos this winter.

* * *

We got our geography mixed up last month, and in the True or False answers, placed the junction of the Colorado and Little Colorado rivers above rather than below Lee's ferry. As a result I have a whole basket full of the most gentlemanly kicks you ever saw.

It really is a pleasure to get complaints from the Quiz fans. They are the kind of folks who invariably end their letters with a few kind words for *Desert* and its staff. They are good friends. We'll try not to cross them up again.

* * *

With members of the Sierra club, I camped one weekend in late fall at the base of the Chuckawalla mountains near Desert Center, California. Our host was Desert Steve Ragsdale.

Steve has a little cove back there among the rocks where he parks his trailer and writes philosophical essays on the iniquities of the New Deal and the frailties of human nature in general. Much of what he writes never reaches the printer—but Steve gets it out of his system and has a lot of fun and no one is hurt.

We spent the evening around an ironwood campfire, and early next morning took an old trail back into the Chuckawallas. It was a trail built many years ago by Tommy Jones, jackass prospector who belonged to the old school of Shorty Harris and Frank Coffey. Tommy died 15 years ago and his body now lies beneath a mound of rocks far up in Corn Springs canyon.

After two hours of climbing, the trail ended at the "coyote hole" where Tommy's last years were spent tunneling into the hillside in quest of that elusive vein of gold he was sure he would strike sooner or later. He never made the big strike. Few of the old-timers ever did. They would not have known what to do with a bag of gold if they had found it.

Instead they left behind a tradition of integrity and freedom and independence in the great outdoors—which after all is a more permanent legacy than anything that men can dig out of the ground with picks and dynamite.

We packed along some coffee and hot dogs and ate our lunch in Tommy Jones' old camp—just a natural tunnel in a huge pile of boulders.

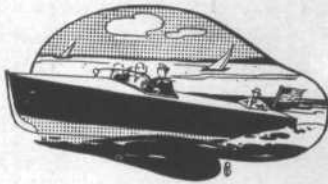
It was a glorious day's outing—with only one minor blunder. We allowed Steve to make the coffee. Steve's coffee is like his poetry—and if you have never read any of his verse you'll know what I mean when I explain that his recipe for the great American beverage is two cups of water to one cup of ground coffee berries.



" . . . A VISITOR COULD SPEND A MONTH AT INDIO with a delightful sidetrip to a new area each day, and not begin to exhaust the possibilities for sight-seeing and recreation there."

(signed) *Randall Henderson*

HERE'S THE PROOF . . .



- 1st day—Date Palm Beach.
- 2nd day—Biskra palms in Mecca Hills.
- 3rd day—Painted Canyon.
- 4th day—Fish traps.
- 5th day—Palm Canyon.
- 6th day—Cottonwood Springs and Joshua Tree Nat'l. Mon.
- 7th day—1000 Palms.
- 8th day—Dead Indian Canyon.
- 9th day—Tahquitz Canyon.
- 10th day—Dos Palmos and Salt Creek gem stone area.
- 11th day—Cat Canyon.
- 12th day—Aqueduct camps.
- 13th day—Lost Canyon and Monson Canyon.
- 14th day—Pinon Flats, Ribbonwood and Upper Palm Canyon.
- 15th day—Hidden Palms Oasis.
- 16th day—Deep Canyon.
- 17th day—Willis, Curtis and other palm groups.
- 18th day—Palm Springs.
- 19th day—Magnesia Canyon.
- 20th day—Desert Hot Springs and Two-bunch palms.
- 21st day—Desert Center and Corn Springs.

- 22nd day—Aztec Canyon near Desert Center.
- 23rd day—Falls and Snow Creek Canyons.
- 24th day—Mullet Island and Paint Pots.
- 25th day—Palms to Pines Highway.
- 26th day—Dale Mining area.
- 27th day—Top of Santa Rosa Drive.
- 28th day—Pushawalla Canyon.
- 29th day—Date gardens and packing sheds.
- 30th day—Andreas Canyon.



HERE'S THE BEST PART . . .

Such authorities as Randall Henderson, John Hilton, and others, have written articles and mapped travelogues about many of the trips mentioned above. For details as to the month these trips appeared in the Desert Magazine, and information about other scenic trips—please write to The Indio Chamber of Commerce, Indio, California.



DON'T FORGET

The people of Indio invite you to the Riverside County Fair and Date Festival, to be held on the Fair Grounds, February 19th to February 22nd, inclusive.

To readers of the Desert Magazine, no ordinary fair is this. All the fun and excitement of the Fair will be there. Also, there will be prizes and booth for gem and mineral collectors, not to mention all the other exhibits of interest to lovers of the desert!

PLAN TO BE THERE!

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differs from any subdivision heretofore laid out anywhere in the West. In principle, this is not merely a subdivision. This property carries with it features for the benefit of mankind, and it is almost impossible to describe the numerous advantages that it possesses.

FIRST, this particular location is blessed with an abundance of a very high standard of Hot Curative Mineral Water—both for drinking and bathing.

SECOND, it has a perfect elevation of 1332 feet, which protects you from extreme desert heat and assures you of cool, delightful nights. Its elevation and close proximity to the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains, protects you against extreme desert winds. The violet rays from the sun are extremely beneficial. Fog and dust are unknown.

THIRD, Desert Hot Springs Cabin Sites, located on the gentle southwest slope of the San Bernardino Mountains, affords one of the most spectacular views of the floor of the desert and the snow-capped mountain peaks of San Jacinto and San Geronimo, which carry a blanket of snow far into the summer—sometimes as late as the latter part of July.

The so-called Desert Cabin Sites are in reality residential lots, 50x130 feet each. Water mains are installed throughout the entire Tract. The water is furnished by the Desert Hot Springs Mutual Water Co., a California Corporation.

Electrical energy is installed throughout the Tract and furnished by the California Electric Power Co. The service is just as complete as in any Metropolitan area.

YOU SHOULD INVESTIGATE this thriving community, far from the hustle and bustle of the city throngs, where, by the aid of Nature's natural gifts, you can relieve your pains, worries, trials and tribulations.

Where you can buy a lot, build a cabin to your own taste, for a little more than it would cost for an annual vacation. Where you have all modern conveniences—domestic water, electricity, two cafes, stores, lumber yard, weekly newspaper (The Desert Sentinel). (Motels and Trailer Courts in the making.

SEE DESERT HOT SPRINGS! Judge for yourself. You owe this trip to yourself and your family.

When you come, bring your bathing suits!

Write for further information, maps and descriptive literature on Desert Hot Springs. Also Guest Cards!

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